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FRANKENSTEIN
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY
MARY SHELLY
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Frankenstein
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52 FULL PGS. NO ADS
MAN VS. MONSTER
THE ULTIMATE CLASSIC OF NIGHTMARE AND RETRIBUTION, TOLD IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!
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STAN LEE presents

FRANKENSTEIN

by Mary Shelley

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley was born the only daughter of philosopher William Godwin in London, August 30, 1797. It was in May of 1814 at the age of sixteen that she came to the attention of the famous poet Percy Shelley, who considered her father an idol of sorts. Percy became infatuated with the young Mary and in July of that year, he and Mary eloped and ran away to Switzerland despite the fact that Percy was already married. They lived happily and traveled a great deal until Percy's death in the autumn of 1823. Mary then returned to London where she attempted to live by selling her writings. This continued until a relative of Percy's, Sir Timothy Shelley supplied her with a livable allowance. It was in 1838 she undertook the task of editing her husband's works, while supplying much in the way of important notes. She lived comfortably for the remainder of her life and died on February 21, 1851.

It was during her stay in Switzerland that Mary Shelley composed the book for which she is famous. In 1816, Mary, the poet Lord Byron, and his physician Dr. Polidori had issued challenges to each other to write the most frightening story they could conceive. The result of this proposal from Mary Shelley was *Frankenstein*, published in 1818, when she was but twenty-one years of age. This classic horror tale was an amazing feat of creation, especially considering that Mary Shelley was a relatively inexperienced writer at the time. The book is a masterpiece of mood and subliminal terror which has maintained its hold on even the jaded audiences of the present day. In addition to the overt atmosphere of the grotesque, the fascinating relationship between Frankenstein the creator and his misunderstood creation has challenged the analytical prowess of many an armchair psychologist.

Mary Shelley followed this highly successful novel with others, though none earned the notoriety of *Frankenstein*. Among those were: *The Last Man* in 1826; *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* in 1830; *Falkner* in 1837; and *Rambles in Germany and Italy* in 1844.

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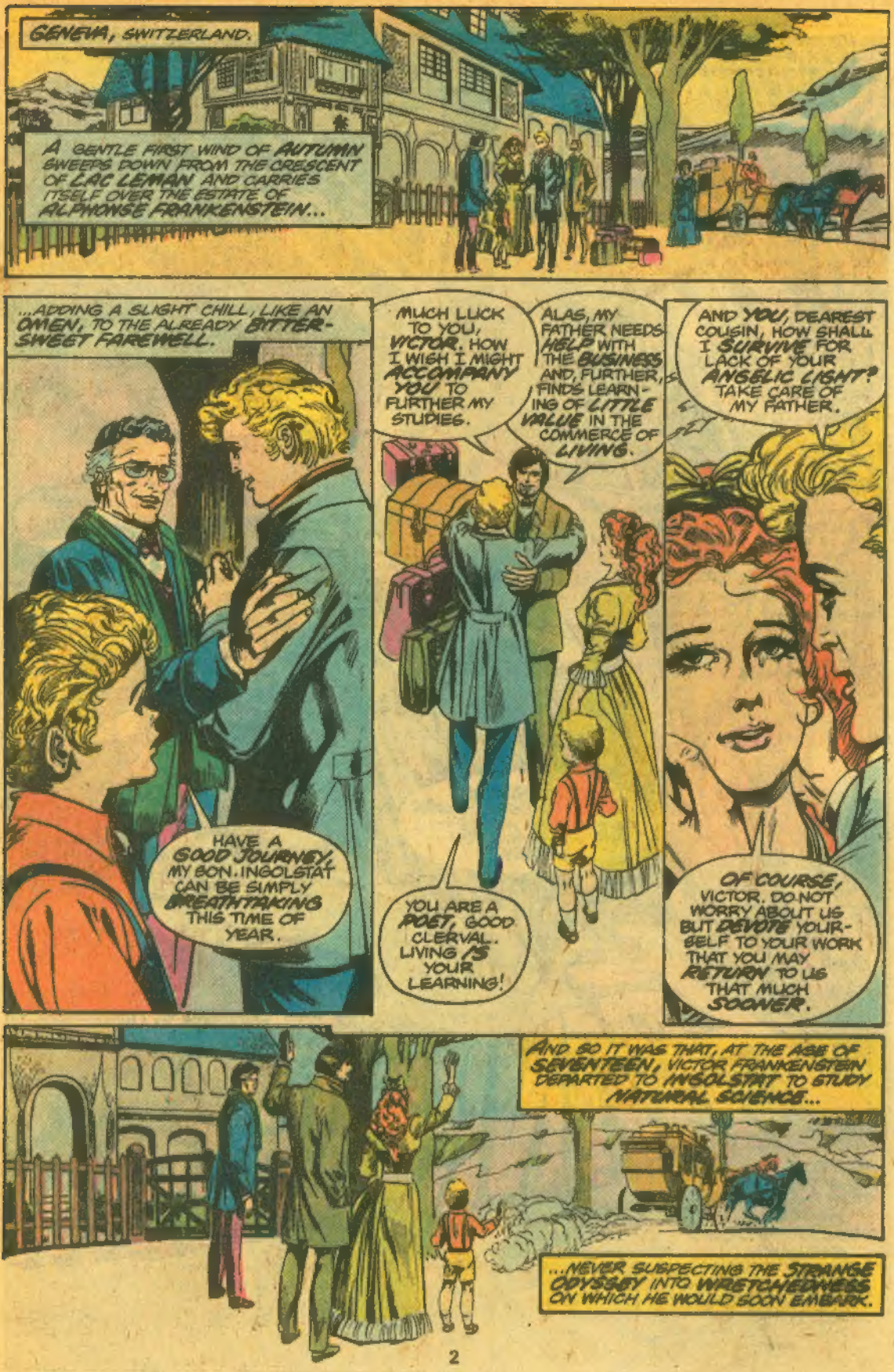
DEEP WITHIN EACH MAN AND EACH WOMAN LIE VAST SHADOWED AREAS VEILING ANCIENT AND DEEP-HARBORED FEARS. MAN SPENDS HIS LIFETIME RUNNING FROM THEM...
...NEVER REALIZING THAT IT IS HE WHO CASTS THAT SHADOW.
YOU CREATED ME, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN. IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT ME INTO THIS CRUEL WORLD AND THEN ABANDONED ME.
YOU WANTED ME TO DIE, FRANKENSTEIN!
BUT THE BLOOD ON MY HANDS IS YOURS AS MUCH AS MINE -- AND SO SHALL YOU PERISH!
FRANKENSTEIN
FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLY

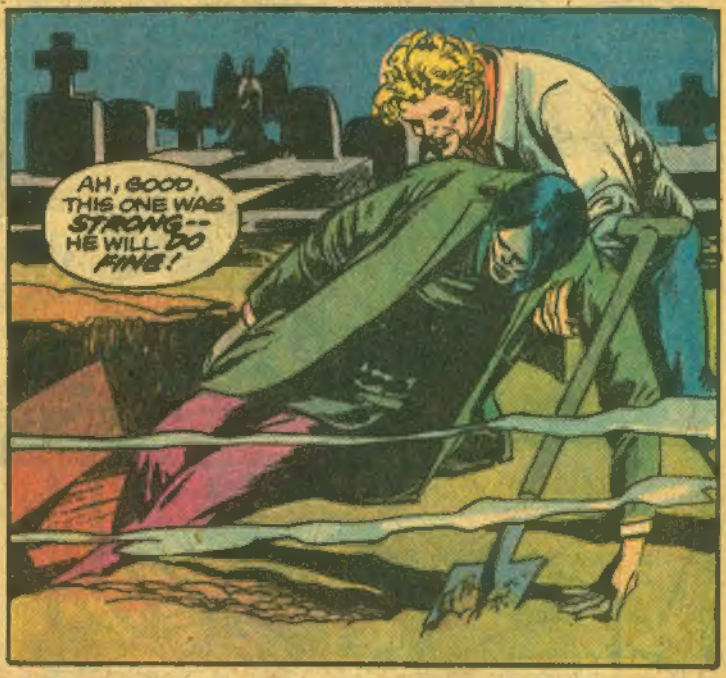

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.
A GENTLE FIRST WIND OF AUTUMN SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE CRESCENT OF LAC LEMAN AND CARRIES ITSELF OVER THE ESTATE OF ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN...
...ADDING A SLIGHT CHILL, LIKE AN OMEN, TO THE ALREADY BITTER-SWEET FAREWELL.
HAVE A GOOD JOURNEY, MY SON. INGOLSTAT CAN BE SIMPLY BREATHTAKING THIS TIME OF YEAR.
MUCH LUCK TO YOU, VICTOR. HOW I WISH I MIGHT ACCOMPANY YOU TO FURTHER MY STUDIES.
ALAS, MY FATHER NEEDS HELP WITH THE BUSINESS AND, FURTHER, FINDS LEARNING OF LITTLE VALUE IN THE COMMERCE OF LIVING.
YOU ARE A POET, GOOD CLERVAL. LIVING IS YOUR LEARNING!
AND YOU, DEAREST COUSIN, HOW SHALL I SURVIVE FOR LACK OF YOUR ANGELIC LIGHT? TAKE CARE OF MY FATHER.
OF COURSE, VICTOR. DO NOT WORRY ABOUT US BUT DEVOTE YOURSELF TO YOUR WORK THAT YOU MAY RETURN TO US THAT MUCH SOONER.
AND SO IT WAS THAT, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN DEPARTED TO INGOLSTAT TO STUDY NATURAL SCIENCE...
...NEVER SUSPECTING THE STRANGE ODYSSEY INTO WRETCHEDNESS ON WHICH HE WOULD SOON EMBARK.

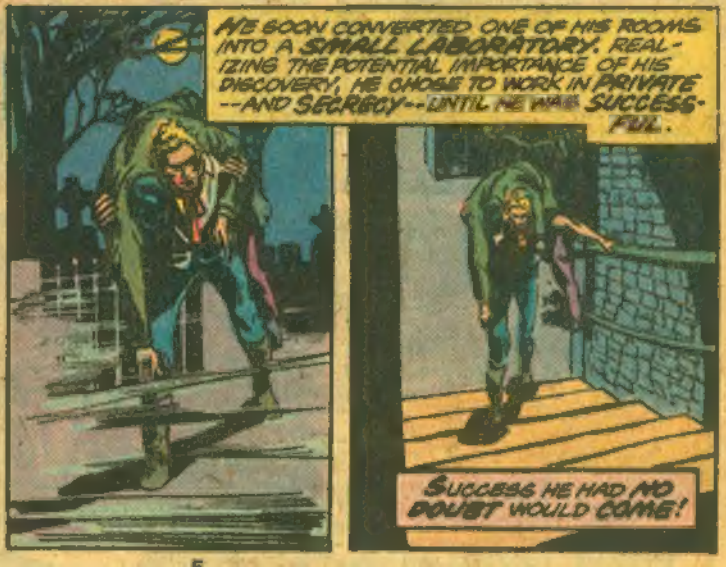
VICTOR'S CHILDHOOD HAD BEEN--IDYLLIC WOULD BEST DESCRIBE IT. HIS HAD NOT BEEN AN AUTHORITARIAN HOME. THE FRANKENSTEINS WERE NOTED AS A FAMILY OF WARMTH AND LOVE.
AND, EVEN FOR HIS FIRST YEAR AT INGOLSTAT, VICTOR FAILED TO SEE THAT THE OUTSIDE WORLD SHOULD BE ANY DIFFERENT.
ALTHOUGH THE UNIVERSITY CONSIDERED VICTOR'S PREVIOUS TRAINING IN THE FIELD A LITTLE BACKWARDS--
--HIS HAVING BEEN MOSTLY EXPOSED TO THE WORKS OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, ALBERTUS MAGNUS AND PARACELSUS--
--VICTOR WAS, FORTUNATELY, BOTH ENTHUSIASTIC AND DETERMINED AND WAS SOON ACCEPTED BY THE PROFESSORIAL STAFF AS ONE OF THE MORE PROMISING STUDENTS.
THE ANCIENT TEACHERS OF THIS SCIENCE--LIKE THOSE YOU LEARNED FROM--PROMISED IMPOSSIBILITIES AND PERFORMED NOTHING.
THE MODERN MASTERS PROMISE VERY LITTLE, AND YET, POURING OVER MICROSCOPES AND CRUCIBLES, THEY PERFORM MIRACLES. THINK ON THAT AS YOU STUDY!

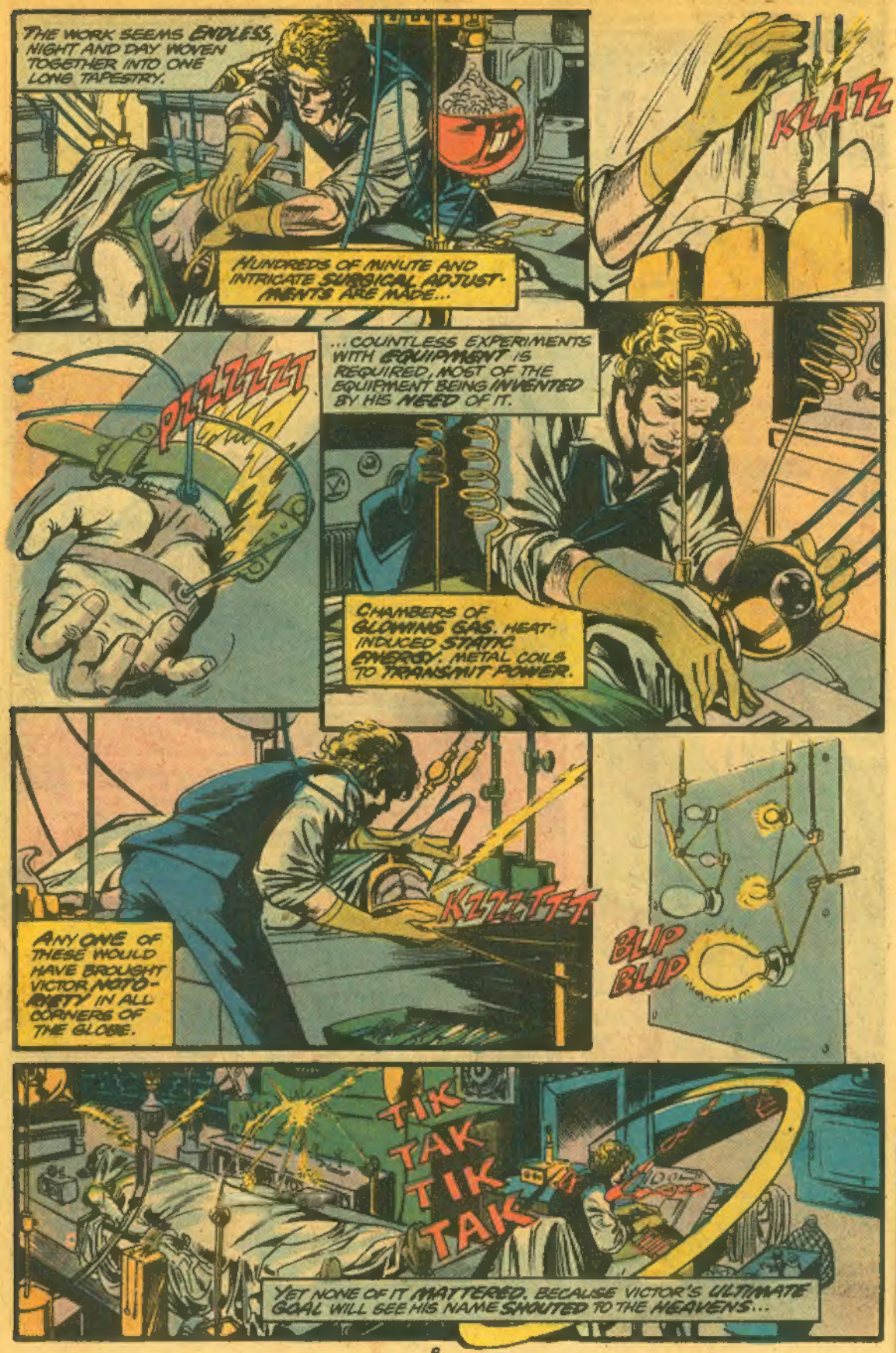
VICTOR THREW HIMSELF INTO LEARNING WITH A CONSUMING PASSION THAT WAS UNUSUAL, EVEN FOR HIM.
OFTEN HE COULD BE FOUND WORKING INTO THE LIGHT HOURS OF MORNING, OVER BOOKS AND MICROSCOPE...
...AND, ALTHOUGH HIS PROFESSORS ADMIRED HIS PROGRESS, HE WORRIED THEM AT OTHER TIMES. LEARNING HAD BECOME AN OBSESSION WITH VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN!
BUT THEN, ONE DARK, LATE NIGHT...
MY DEAR GOD, THIS CAN'T BE -- AND YET ALL MY FIGURES AND CALCULATIONS CHECK OUT.
BUT IF IT IS TRUE...
...THEN I HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF LIFE ITSELF!

THERE WAS NOT THE SLIGHTEST TONE OF BLASPHEMY IN VICTOR'S VOICE. HE HAD BEEN RAISED NEVER TO ALLOW SUPERSTITION OR HORROR TO CLOUD HIS MIND.
I CAN BESTOW LIFE--ON A MAN. I CAN AND I MUST!
I WILL DO IT!

AND SO DID VICTOR SET ABOUT HIS GRIM WORK WITH AS MUCH OBSESSION AS HE HAD SHOWN DURING HIS RESEARCHES...
...AND NEVER ONCE DID HE DWELL UNDULY UPON THE GRIMMER ASPECTS OF HIS DARK PURSUE.

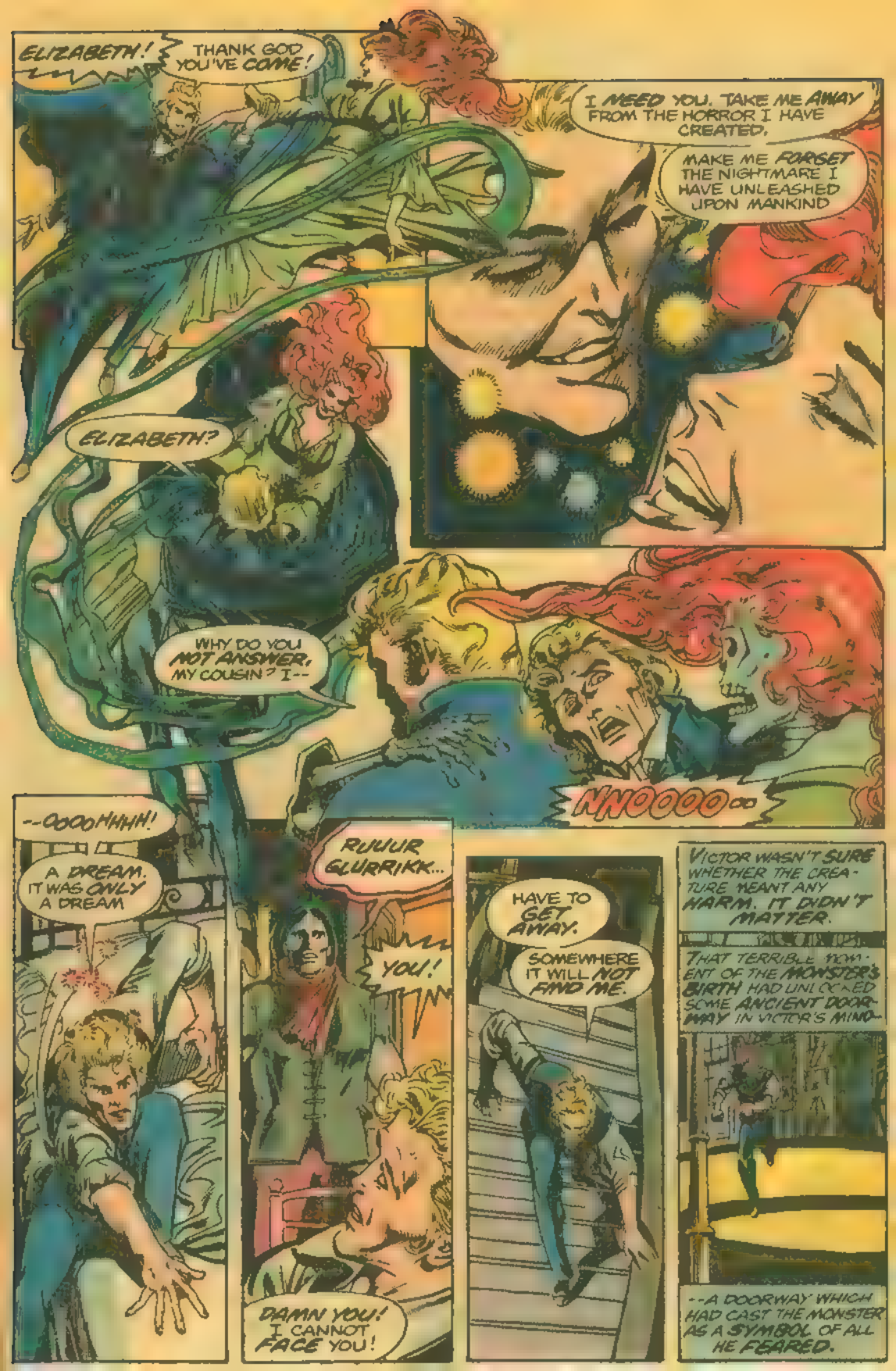

AH, GOOD. THIS ONE WAS STRONG--HE WILL DO FINE!


HE SOON CONVERTED ONE OF HIS ROOMS INTO A SMALL LABORATORY. REALIZING THE POTENTIAL IMPORTANCE OF HIS DISCOVERY, HE CHOSE TO WORK IN PRIVATE --AND SECRECY--UNTIL HE WAS SUCCESSFUL.
SUCCESS HE HAD NO DOUBT WOULD COME!


THE WORK SEEMS ENDLESS, NIGHT AND DAY WOVEN TOGETHER INTO ONE LONG TAPESTRY.
HUNDREDS OF MINUTE AND INTRICATE SURGICAL ADJUSTMENTS ARE MADE...
KLATZ
PZZZZZT
...COUNTLESS EXPERIMENTS WITH EQUIPMENT IS REQUIRED, MOST OF THE EQUIPMENT BEING INVENTED BY HIS NEED OF IT.
CHAMBERS OF GLOWING GAS, HEAT-INDUCED STATIC ENERGY, METAL COILS TO TRANSMIT POWER.
KZZZTTT
ANY ONE OF THESE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT VICTOR NOTORIETY IN ALL CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.
BLIP BLIP
TIK TAK TIK TAK
YET NONE OF IT MATTERED, BECAUSE VICTOR'S ULTIMATE GOAL WILL SEE HIS NAME SHOUTED TO THE HEAVENS...

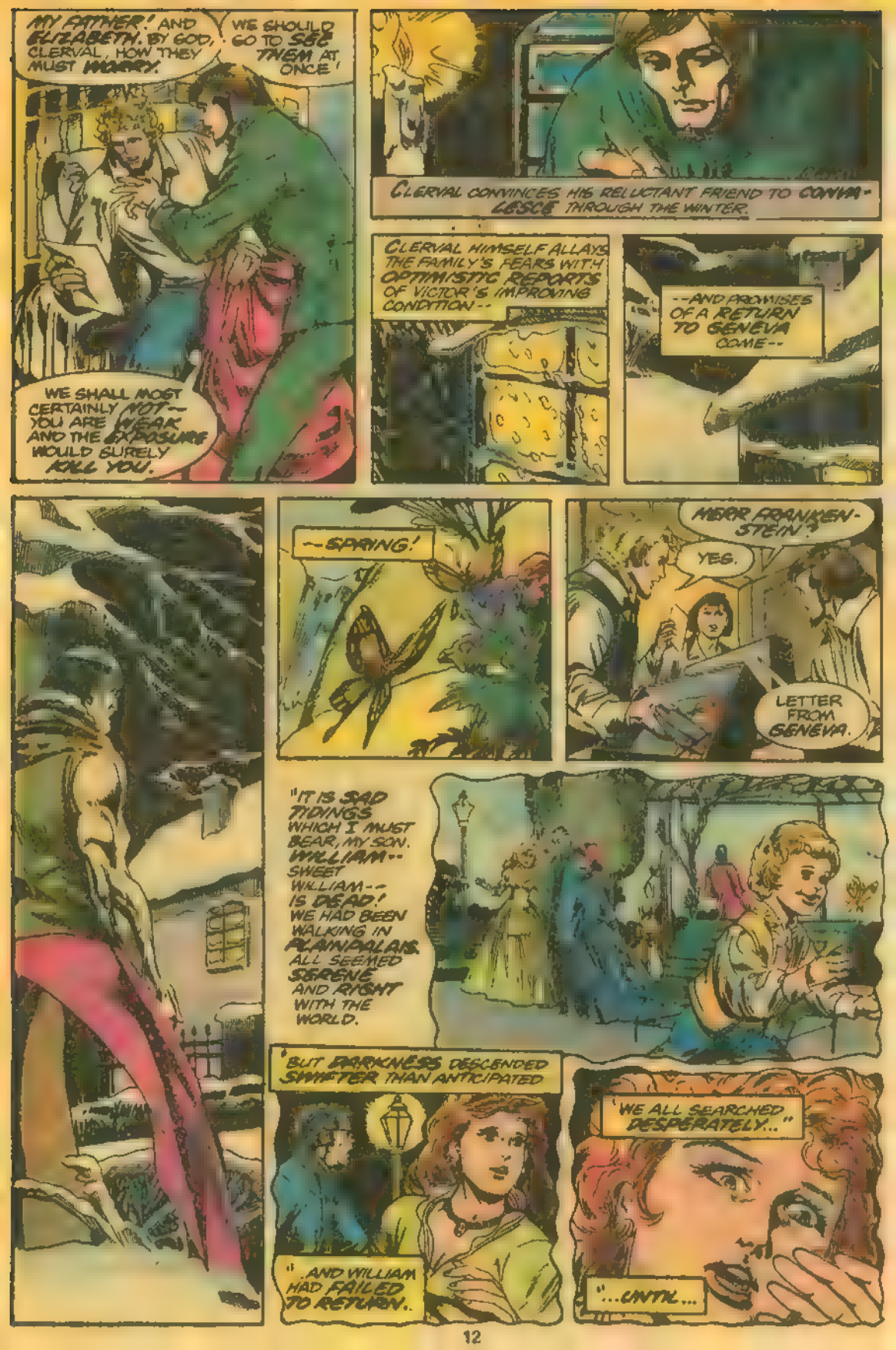
...OR SCREAMED IN THE CORRIDORS OF HELL!
KRITZ
BLITZZ
BLIP
SNIRRSSSSTT
IS IT TENSION OR THE STATIC WHICH MAKES THE AIR SEEM DRYLY METALLIC?
SPLAK
VICTOR WATCHES THE RESULT OF MONTHS OF WORK BECOME MANIFEST.
IT IS ALMOST AS IF HE WERE A STRANGER ENCOUNTERING THIS SCENE WITH NO PREVIOUS PREPARATION OR KNOWLEDGE.
THE SCENE IS OVERPOWERING. VICTOR'S CONFIDENCE FALTERS AND HE WONDERS IF HE MIGHT NOT HAVE CHALLENGED GOD--
--ONLY TO HAVE CREATED THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

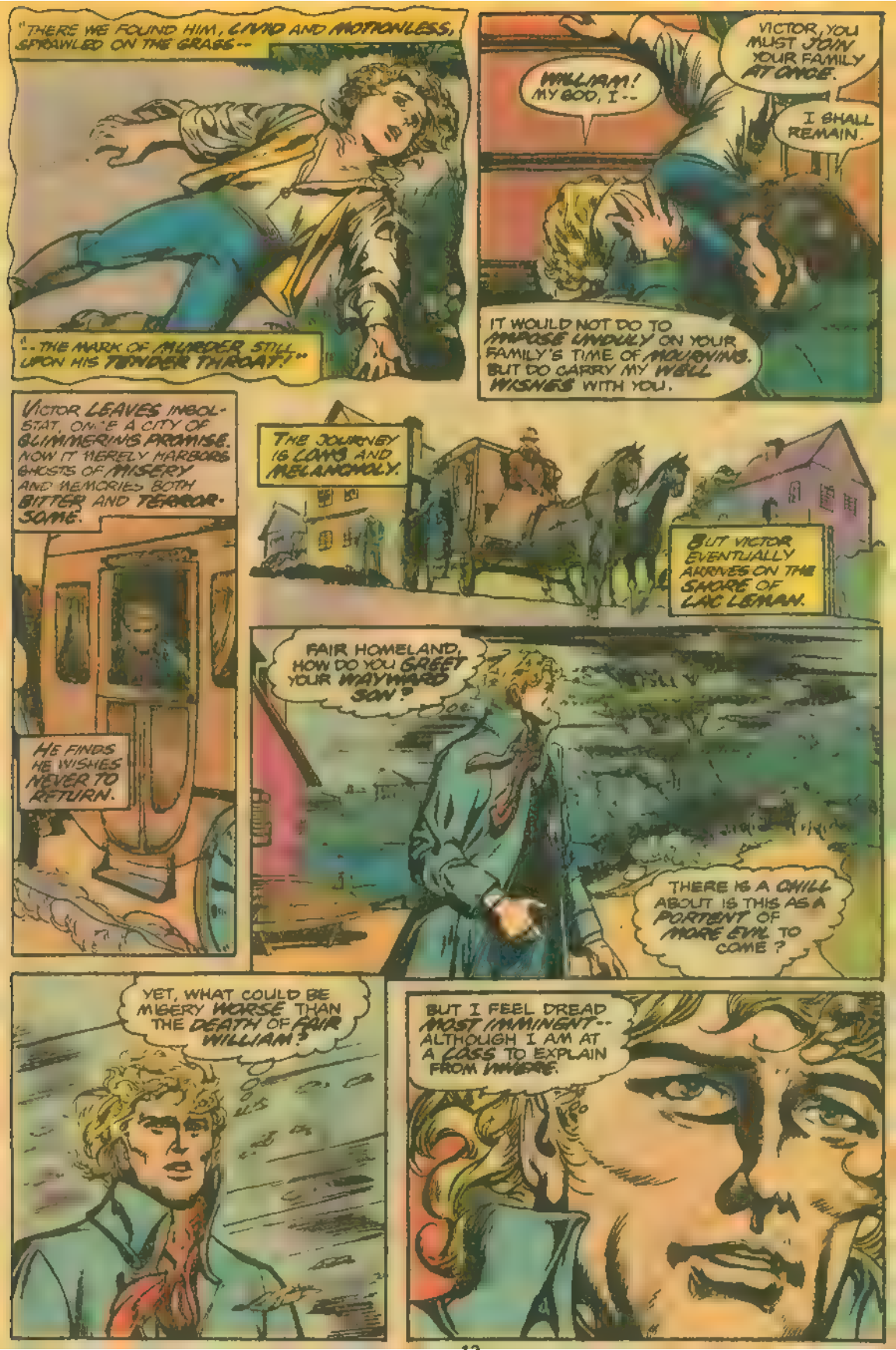
MYRRR.....UUXXX!
MY DEAR GOD.
YOU ARE A DEVIL!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
IT'S A MOCKERY. HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO MAD?
I MUST NOT THINK ABOUT HIM--
-- CAN'T GET IN HERE.
KLAK
NEED TIME. TIME TO THINK--
--TIME TO REST.
REST. RESSSS...
VICTOR DRIFTS INTO LANGUID, FEVERISH SLEEP IMAGES SWIRL, DANCING HAUNTINGLY.
STAY AWAY! STAY...
WAIT. YOU ARE NOT MY MONSTER. BUT WHO..?


ELIZABETH!
THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!
I NEED YOU. TAKE ME AWAY FROM THE HORROR I HAVE CREATED.
MAKE ME FORGET THE NIGHTMARE I HAVE UNLEASHED UPON MANKIND
ELIZABETH?
WHY DO YOU NOT ANSWER, MY COUSIN? I--
NNOOOOOO
--OOOOHHHH!
A DREAM. IT WAS ONLY A DREAM
RUUUR GLURRIKK...
YOU!
DAMN YOU! I CANNOT FACE YOU!
HAVE TO GET AWAY.
SOMEWHERE IT WILL NOT FIND ME.
VICTOR WASN'T SURE WHETHER THE CREATURE MEANT ANY HARM. IT DIDN'T MATTER.
THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT OF THE MONSTER'S BIRTH HAD UNLOCKED SOME ANCIENT DOORWAY IN VICTOR'S MIND--
--A DOORWAY WHICH HAD CAST THE MONSTER AS A SYMBOL OF ALL HE FEARED.

VICTOR RAN--
--RAN UNTIL HE COLLAPSED--
--AGAINST THE NIGHT-MOISTENED STONE OF THE GREAT CHURCH. THERE HE SLEPT UNEASILY UNTIL MORNING
DAZED AND STIFF, HE PULLS HIMSELF UP. HIS BROW IS FEVERISH.
HIS THOUGHTS ARE MUDDLED AS HE STUMBLES CLUMSILY THROUGH THE STREETS, TRYING TO AVOID PEOPLE--
--ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO MIGHT KNOW HIM.
HE DOES NOT SUCCEED.
VICTOR!
WHO?
VICTOR, MY GOD, CAN THAT REALLY BE YOU?
CLERVAL! CLERVAL, MY FRIEND!

MY DEAR FRANKENSTEIN! I CANNOT HELP BUT REMARK HOW VERY ILL YOU APPEAR--
--AS IF YOU HAD HELD WAKE AND FAST SEVERAL NIGHTS NOW.
CLERVAL... YES... I-I KNOW
..WORKING TOO HARRRR...
VICTOR!
YOU WERE, AT LAST AND ALWAYS, DEDICATED, MY FRIEND.
TO A FAULT IT WOULD SEEM, ALAS.
CLERVAL FINDS VICTOR'S ROOMS WITH LITTLE TROUBLE AS BEST HE IS ABLE, HE MAKES VICTOR, NOW IN THE THROES OF FEVER, COMFORTABLE.
CLERVAL KNOWS NOTHING OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS- NOR IS THERE ANY LOOMING, MISSHAPEN GIANT LURKING TO AQUAINT CLERVAL WITH THE RESULTS OF SUCH EVENTS
THE MONSTER IS GONE--
--SAVE FOR IN THE INDECIPHERABLE RAVINGS OF VICTOR'S FEVERED DELUSIONS.
MANY WEEKS INTO THE WINTER CLERVAL WATCHES OVER VICTOR'S ILLNESS.
UPON ONE OCCASION, EARLY ON, HE DISCOVERED THE LABORATORY...
..FELT BOTH PUZZLED AND BOTHERED BY IT...
AND LEFT IT LOCKED.
EVENTUALLY, VICTOR MANAGED THE STRENGTH TO PULL HIMSELF THROUGH THE WORST OF IT AND AROSE...
WELL, NOW. THIS IS MOST CERTAINLY AN IMPROVEMENT.
YES, I THINK YOU ARE RIGHTLY STRONG ENOUGH TO READ A LETTER WHICH ARRIVED HERE A FEW DAYS PAST.
FROM YOUR FATHER.

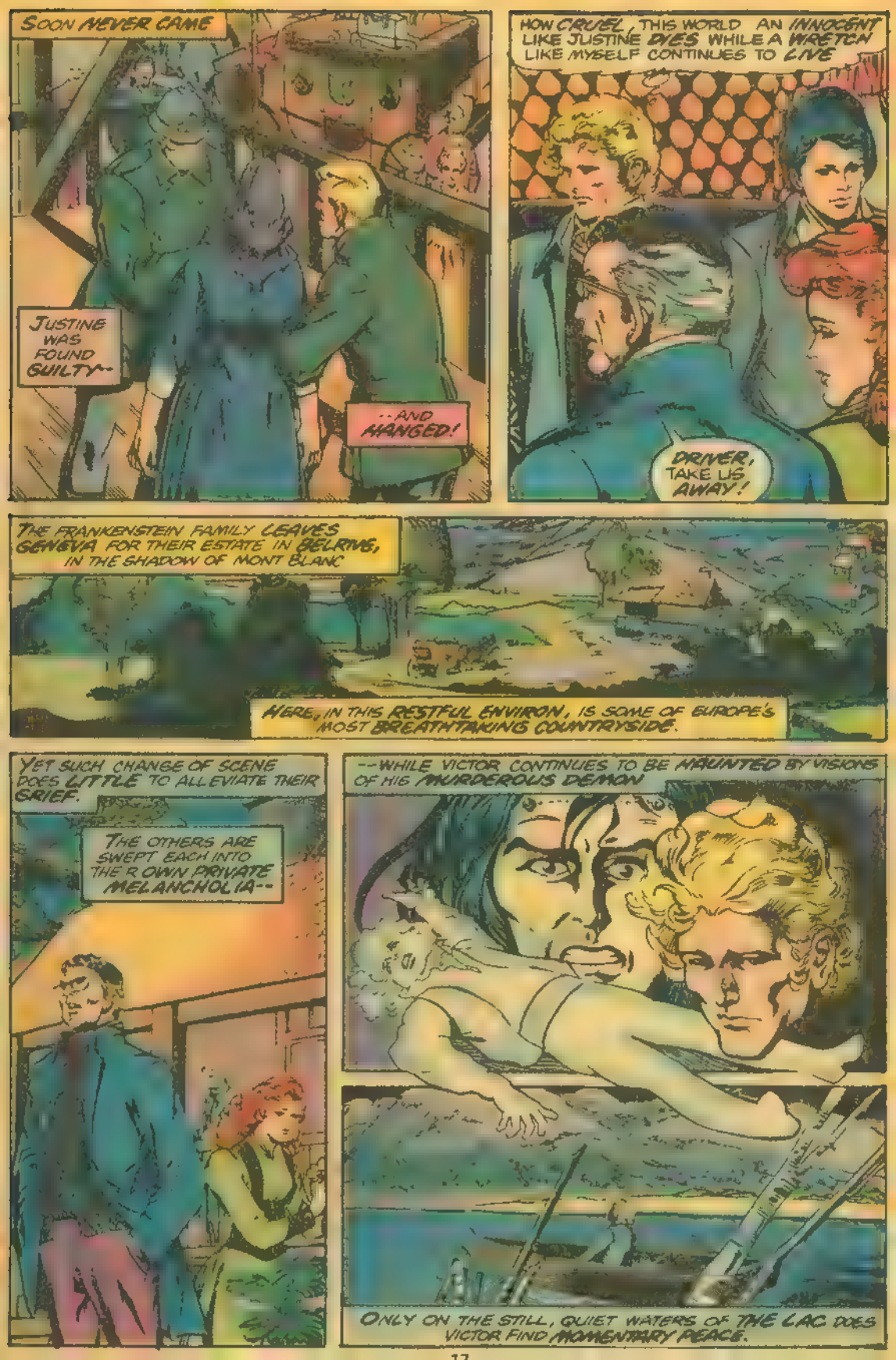

MY FATHER! AND ELIZABETH. BY GOD, CLERVAL, HOW THEY MUST WORRY.
WE SHOULD GO TO SEE THEM AT ONCE!
WE SHALL MOST CERTAINLY NOT-- YOU ARE WEAK AND THE EXPOSURE WOULD SURELY KILL YOU.
CLERVAL CONVINCES HIS RELUCTANT FRIEND TO CONVALESCE THROUGH THE WINTER.
CLERVAL HIMSELF ALLAYS THE FAMILY'S FEARS WITH OPTIMISTIC REPORTS OF VICTOR'S IMPROVING CONDITION--
--AND PROMISES OF A RETURN TO GENEVA COME--
--SPRING!
MEDIC FRANKENSTEIN?
YES.
LETTER FROM GENEVA.
"IT IS SAD TIDINGS WHICH I MUST BEAR, MY SON. WILLIAM-- SWEET WILLIAM-- IS DEAD! WE HAD BEEN WALKING IN PLAINPALAIS. ALL SEEMED SERENE AND RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.
"BUT DARKNESS DESCENDED SWIFTER THAN ANTICIPATED
"...AND WILLIAM HAD FAILED TO RETURN.
"WE ALL SEARCHED DESPERATELY.."
"...UNTIL...

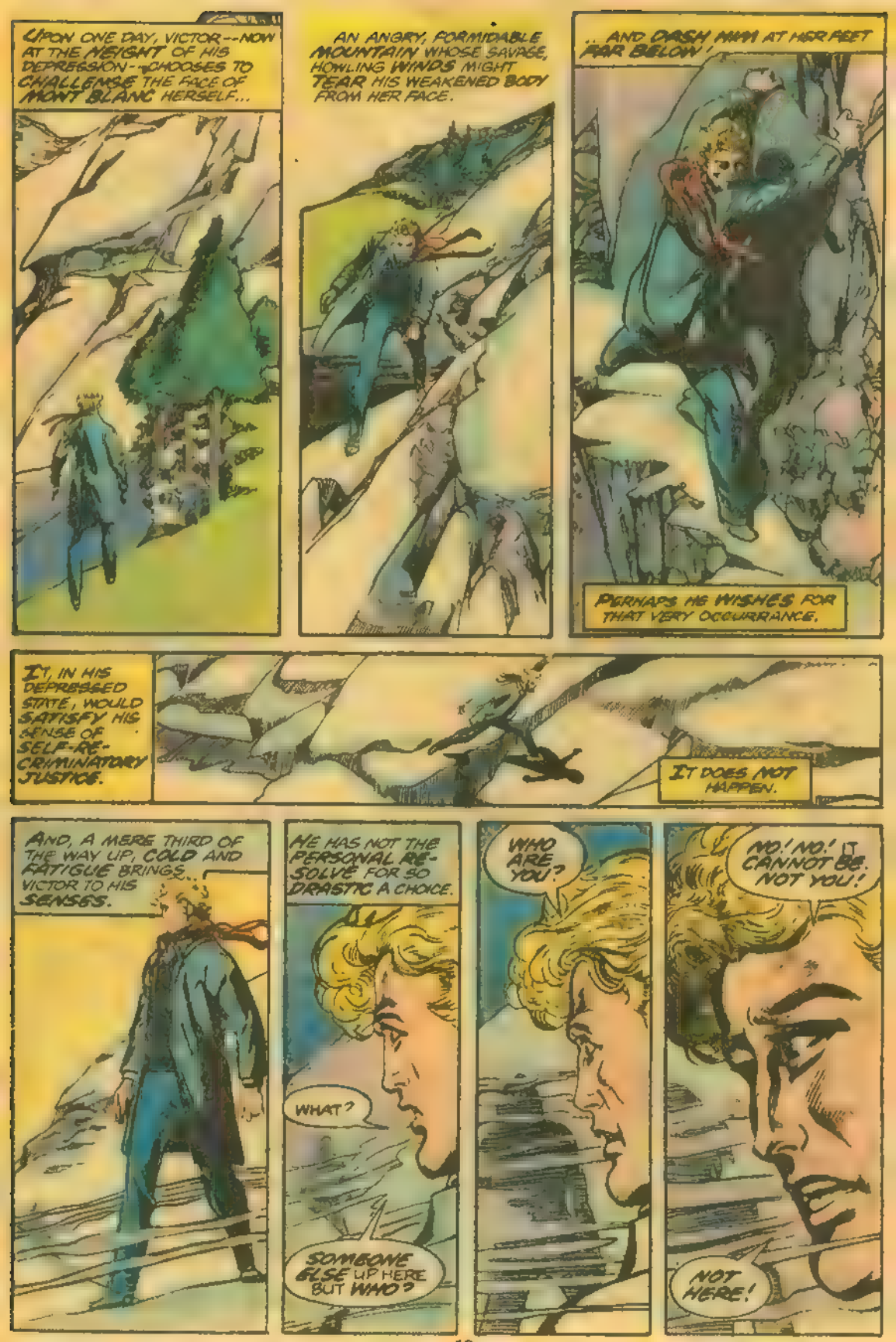

"THERE WE FOUND HIM, CLAD AND MOTIONLESS, SPRAWLED ON THE GRASS--
"--THE MARK OF MURDER STILL UPON HIS TENDER THROAT."
WILLIAM! MY GOD, I--
VICTOR, YOU MUST JOIN YOUR FAMILY AT ONCE.
I SHALL REMAIN.
IT WOULD NOT DO TO IMPOSE UNDULY ON YOUR FAMILY'S TIME OF MOURNING. BUT DO CARRY MY WELL WISHES WITH YOU.
VICTOR LEAVES INGOLSTAT, ONCE A CITY OF GLIMMERING PROMISE. NOW IT MERELY HARBORS GHOSTS OF MISERY AND MEMORIES BOTH BITTER AND TERROR-SOME.
HE FINDS HE WISHES NEVER TO RETURN.
THE JOURNEY IS LONG AND MELANCHOLY.
BUT VICTOR EVENTUALLY ARRIVES ON THE SHORE OF LAC LEMAN.
FAIR HOMELAND, HOW DO YOU GREET YOUR WAYWARD SON?
THERE IS A CHILL ABOUT IS THIS AS A PORTENT OF MORE EVIL TO COME?
YET, WHAT COULD BE MISERY WORSE THAN THE DEATH OF FAIR WILLIAM?
BUT I FEEL DREAD MOST IMMINENT-- ALTHOUGH I AM AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN FROM WHERE.

A STORM SETTLED OVER THE LAKE THAT EVENING AS CLOCKS CHIME MIDNIGHT, VICTOR FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO SLEEP..
...AND RESOLVES TO VISIT THE TRAGIC SITE OF YOUNG WILLIAM'S MURDER.
I WILL HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF THIS BOAT--
--I CAN MAKE MY WAY ACROSS THE PLAINPALAIS AND INTO GENEVA FROM THE OTHER SIDE.
WAIT, A SOUND. SOMEONE STANDING IN THE SHADOWS.
WHO ARE YOU? I DEMAND YOU SHOW YOURSELF!
SSSZ-KRAKK!
NOOOOOO!!

VICTOR RUNS BLINDLY, NOT ENTIRELY SURE THAT WHAT HE SAW WAS REAL. IT COULDN'T BE -AND YET..
HE REACHED THE CITY AND, CHANGING TO DRY CLOTHES AND SECURING A CARRIAGE ARRIVES AT HIS FATHER'S ESTATE
VICTOR. THANK YOU FOR COMING
I WISH IT WERE A SPIRITED HOUSE-HOLD YOU WERE RETURNING TO, MY SON.
ELIZABETH IS MOST WRETCHED OF ALL AND IS GREATLY IN NEED OF YOUR PRESENCE.
YOU SEE, THEY HAVE FOUND WILLIAM'S MURDERER.
WHAT!?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I'M AFRAID IT IS TRUE. IT WAS JUSTINE-- ONE OF OUR MOST TRUSTED SERVANTS AND ELIZABETH'S PERSONAL FAVORITE.
NO! I WILL NOT BELIEVE I CARE NOT WHAT EVIDENCE IS SHOWN ME.
JUSTINE IS INNOCENT!
FEAR NOT, ELIZABETH. IT IS RIDICULOUS. SHE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE.
AND YET, HOW DO I TELL THEM WHAT I KNOW MUST BE TRUE-- THAT I AM THE MURDERER.
OR, RATHER, THE CURSED DEMON I CREATED IS THAT MURDERER IT WAS ME I SAW AT PLAIN-PALAIS..
IT WAS SURELY ME AND NO OTHER WHO STRANGLED THE CHILD!
I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, VICTOR -- BUT THE EVIDENCE IS CONCLUSIVE.
THEN THE EVIDENCE IS WRONG. ELIZABETH, WE SHALL GO TO SEE JUSTINE AT ONCE!

BUT WHEN VICTOR AND ELIZABETH ARRIVE, THEY FIND YET MORE GRIM NEWS AWAITING THEM
JUSTINE--THEY SAID YOU CONFESSED!
Y-YES BUT I HAD TO, DON'T YOU SEE.. OR THEY WOULD NOT GIVE ME ABSOLUTION.
OH, JUSTINE! WHY DID YOU ROB ME OF MY LAST CONSOLATION? I RELIED ON YOUR INNOCENCE!
AND INNOCENT I AM, MISTRESS. THE LIE OF CONFESSION NOW RESTS HEAVIER UPON MY BREAST THAN ANY SINS I MAY HAVE BEEN ABSOLVED FOR.
ELIZABETH, I--
I CANNOT REMEMBER THAT NIGHT.. IT IS ALL SO JUMBLED AND CONFUSED IN MY MIND
ELIZABETH. ELIZABETH. HELP ME, PLEASE HELP ME!
POOR DEAR JUSTINE! THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY FIND ONE SO PURE AS YOU GUILTY OF SO HORRID A CRIME.
TRUST ME! ALL SHALL BE RIGHT AGAIN, SOON.
SOON!


SOON NEVER CAME
JUSTINE WAS FOUND GUILTY--
--AND HANGED!
HOW CRUEL, THIS WORLD AN INNOCENT LIKE JUSTINE DIES WHILE A WRETCH LIKE MYSELF CONTINUES TO LIVE
DRIVER, TAKE US AWAY!
THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY LEAVES GENEVA FOR THEIR ESTATE IN BELRIVE, IN THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC
HERE, IN THIS RESTFUL ENVIRON, IS SOME OF EUROPE'S MOST BREATHTAKING COUNTRYSIDE.
YET SUCH CHANGE OF SCENE DOES LITTLE TO ALLEVIATE THEIR GRIEF.
THE OTHERS ARE SWEPT EACH INTO THE R OWN PRIVATE MELANCHOLIA--
--WHILE VICTOR CONTINUES TO BE HAUNTED BY VISIONS OF HIS MURDEROUS DEMON
ONLY ON THE STILL, QUIET WATERS OF THE LAC DOES VICTOR FIND MOMENTARY PEACE.

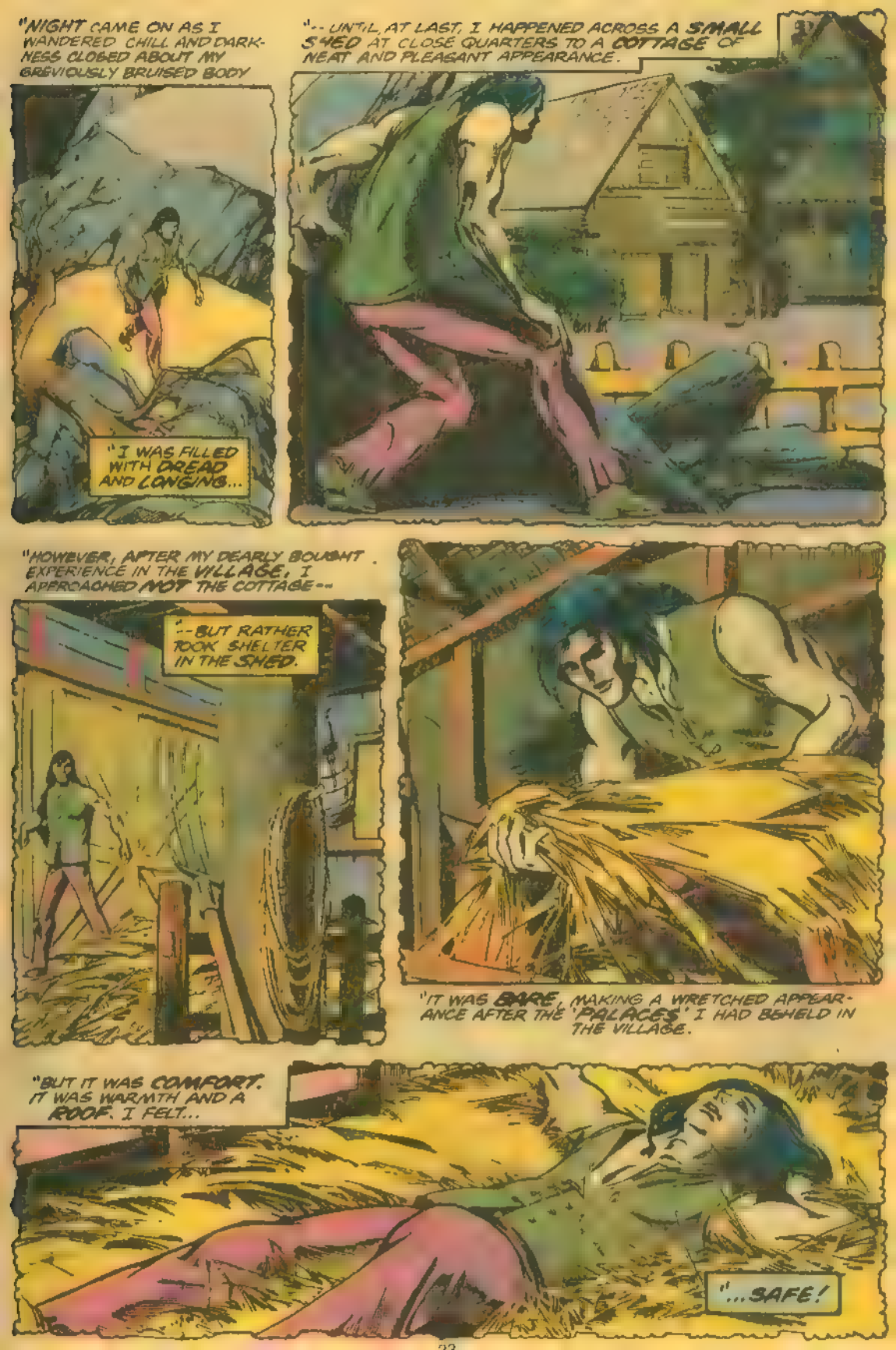

UPON ONE DAY, VICTOR--NOW AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS DEPRESSION--CHOOSES TO CHALLENGE THE FACE OF MONT BLANC HERSELF...
AN ANGRY, FORMIDABLE MOUNTAIN WHOSE SAVAGE, HOWLING WINDS MIGHT TEAR HIS WEAKENED BODY FROM HER FACE.
...AND DASH HIM AT HER FEET FAR BELOW!
PERHAPS HE WISHES FOR THAT VERY OCCURRANCE.
IT, IN HIS DEPRESSED STATE, WOULD SATISFY HIS SENSE OF SELF-RE-CRIMINATORY JUSTICE.
IT DOES NOT HAPPEN.
AND, A MERE THIRD OF THE WAY UP, COLD AND FATIGUE BRINGS VICTOR TO HIS SENSES.
HE HAS NOT THE PERSONAL RE-SOLVE FOR SO DRASTIC A CHOICE.
WHAT?
SOMEONE ELSE UP HERE BUT WHO?
WHO ARE YOU?
NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE. NOT YOU!
NOT HERE!

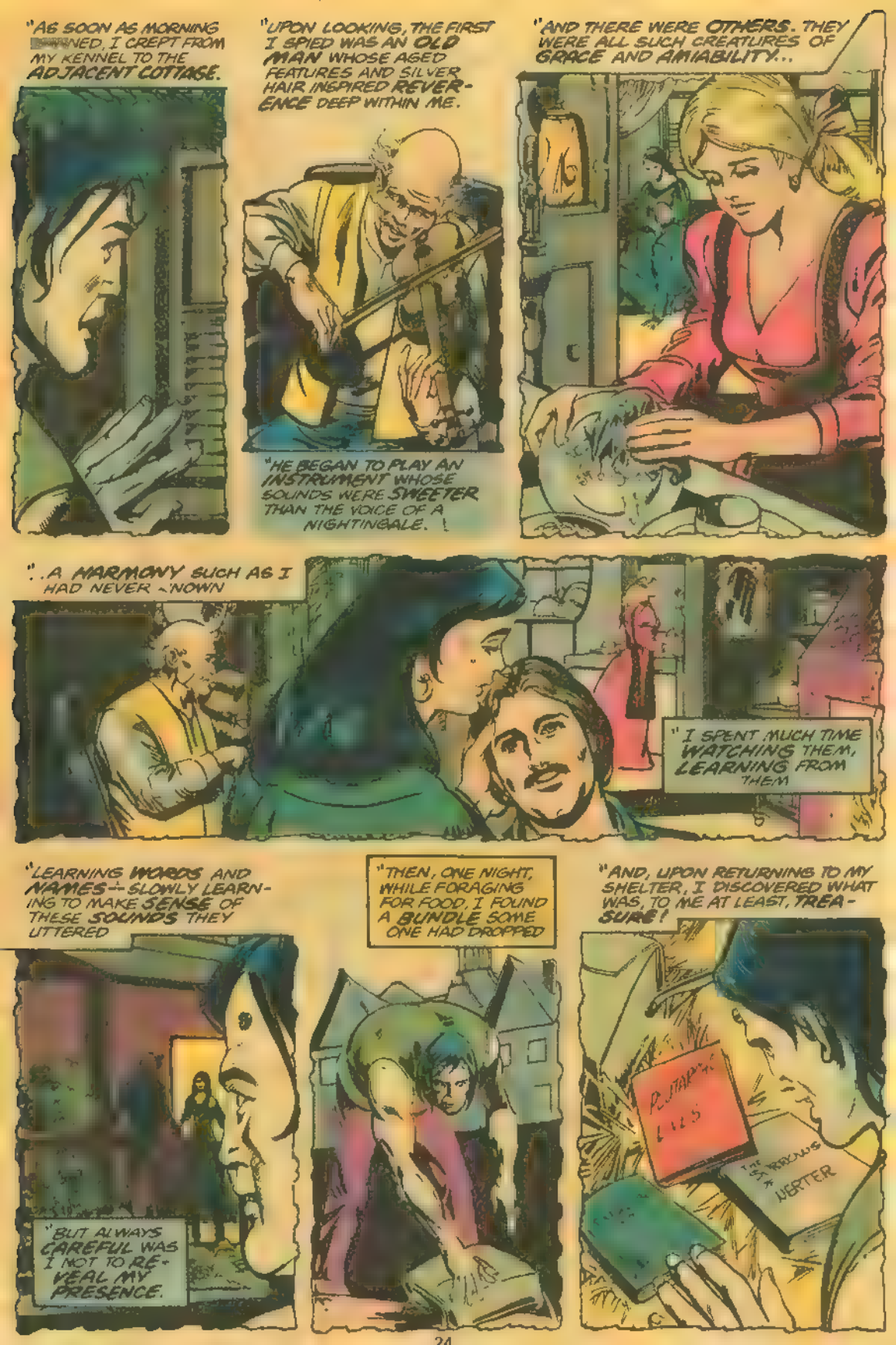
AND WHY NOT, MY CREATOR?
YOU WHO DETEST AND SPURN ME! WE ARE BOUND BY TIES DISSOLUBLE ONLY BY THE DEATH OF ONE OF US
DO YOU PROPOSE TO KILL ME?
YOU DESERVE NO LESS, CURSED DEMON, SLAYER OF INNOCENT CHILDREN.
ABHORRED MONSTER! THE TORTURES OF HELL ARE TOO MILD A VENGEANCE FOR YOUR CRIMES!
BE CALM! I ENTREAT YOU, HEAR ME.
HAVE I NOT SUFFERED ENOUGH, THAT YOU SHOULD SEEK TO INCREASE MY MISERY?
I OUGHT TO BE YOUR ADAM; BUT I'M RATHER THE FALLEN ANGEL WHOM YOU DRIVE FROM JOY FOR NO REASON.
YOU, MY CREATOR, ABHOR ME WHAT HOPE CAN I GATHER FROM YOUR FELLOW CREATURES WHO OWE ME NOTHING?
THEY REJECT AND HATE ME!

LISTEN TO MY STORY. LISTEN TO WHAT I ASK OF YOU. IS THAT SO MUCH TO EXPECT?
I SUPPOSE NOT. LEAD ON.
THEY JOURNEY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TO A SECLUDED GORGE WHERE...
I LIVE HERE--WHERE ICE AND BLACKENED SKIES OFFER ME GREATER COMFORT THAN DOES YOUR KIND FRANKENSTEIN
ENOUGH! I AGREED TO LISTEN. GET ON WITH IT.
YES, VERY WELL WE SHALL BEGIN...
"WHEN YOU FLED ME THAT FIRST NIGHT, I BECAME AFRAID AND HID.
"I WAITED MANY MONTHS DURING YOUR ILLNESS, AFRAID TO APPROACH YOU, UNTIL FINALLY I LEFT INSOLSTAT.
"I SPENT SOME TIME WANDERING THE FORESTLAND..
"...ALWAYS ALONE.
"FOR WHENEVER I WOULD OCCASION UPON HUMAN COMPANY...
"..IT SOON FLED, SHRIEKING BITTER REJECTION.

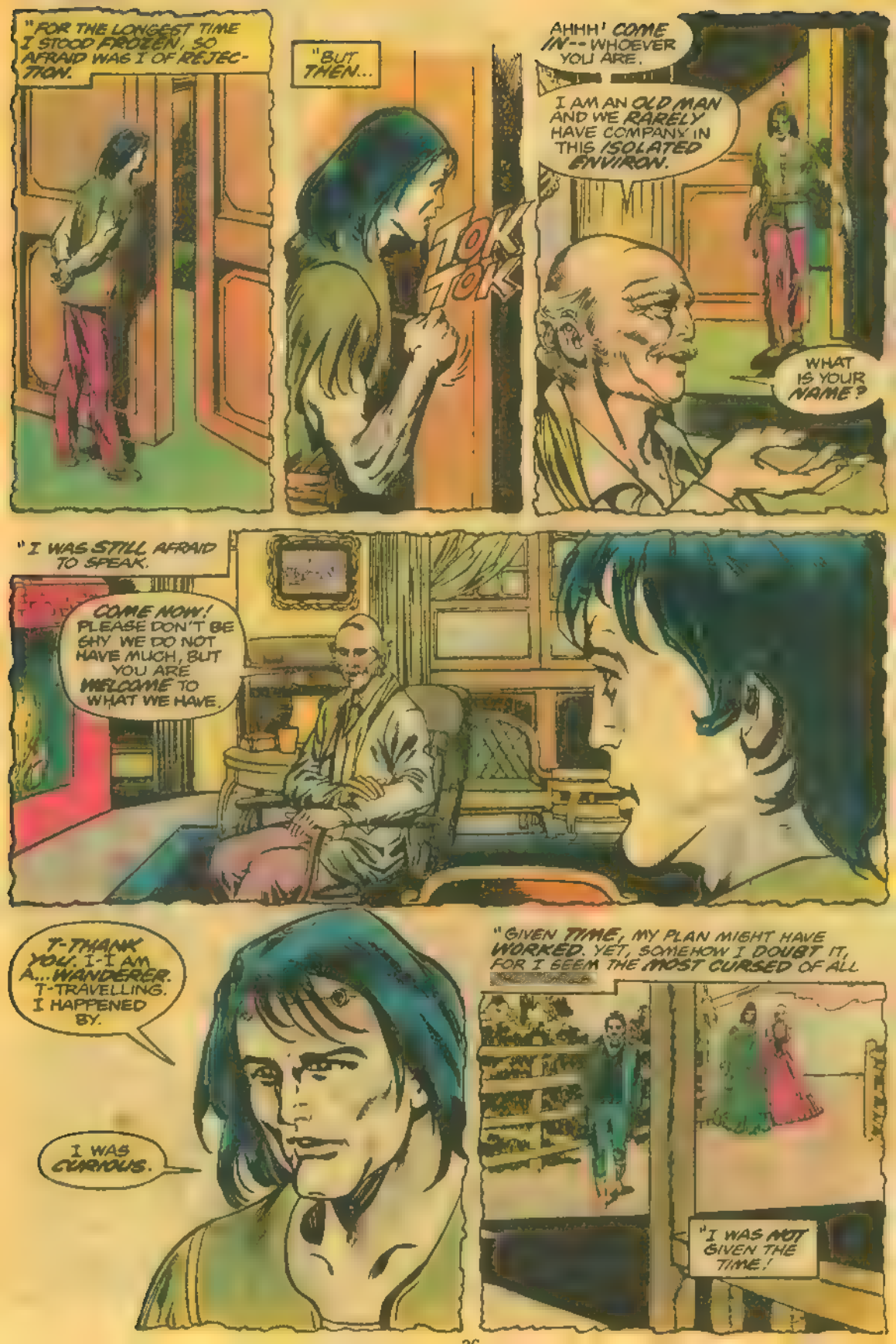
"AND YET, I WAS TRULY INNOCENT, NEVER UNDERSTANDING THESE WAYS...
UHRRR?
"...NOR SUSPECTING WHY I WAS TREATED IN SUCH A MANNER
RAAAHH!
YEAAARRHGHH!
"PAIN--
"--THAT WAS SOMETHING I WOULD ONLY REALLY UNDERSTAND MUCH LATER.
"FOR NOW, MY LIFE WAS SIMPLE, MY WANTS BASIC.
"I STAYED IN ONE PLACE SO LONG AS IT SERVED MY NEEDS.
"--I MOVED ON--
"--TO OTHER PLACES
"AND IF IT BECAME INHOSPITABLE--

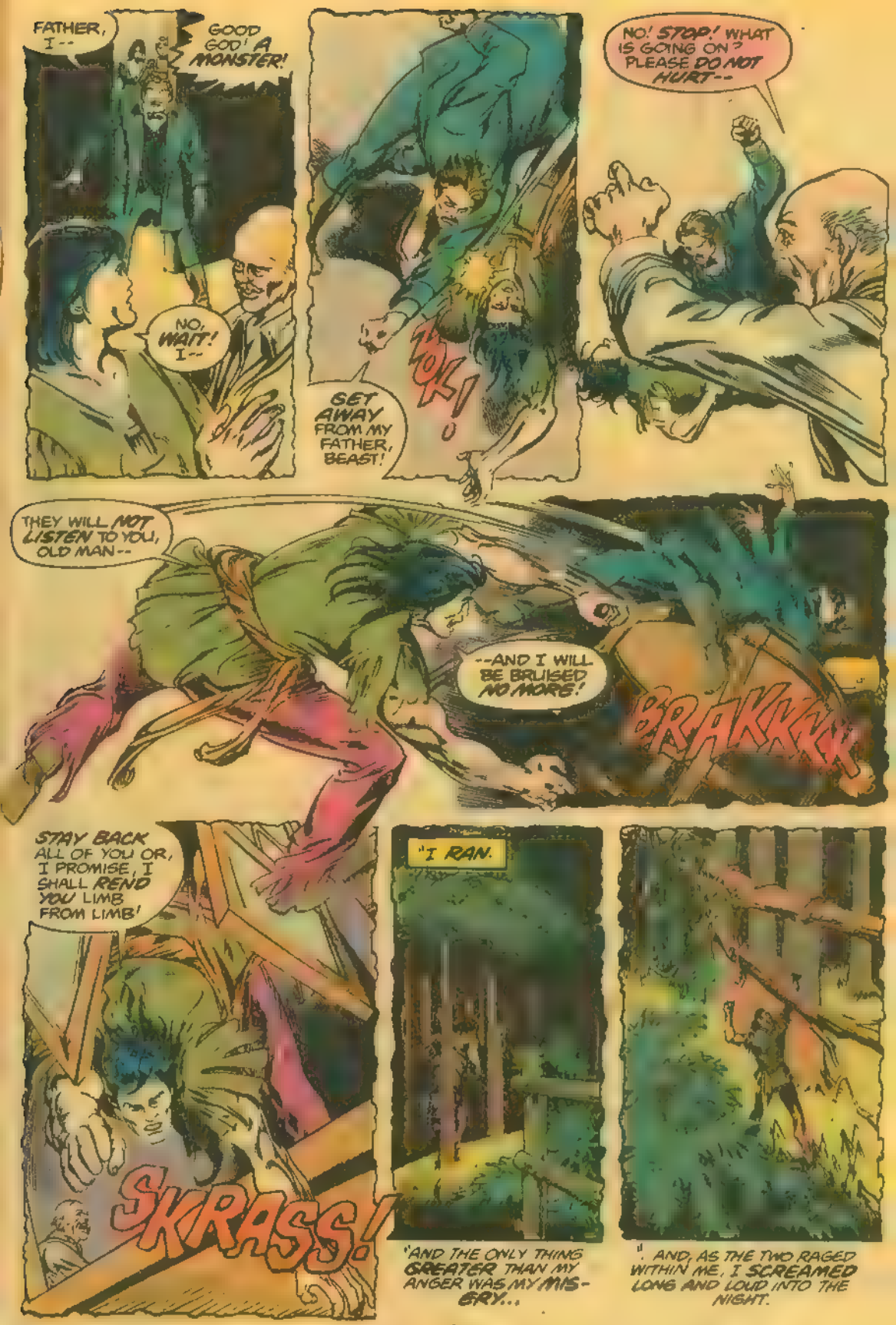
"I FOUND A SMALL VILLAGE--
"--AND I LONGED FOR FOOD AND SHELTER.
"BUT THIS WAS NOT TO BE!
"I DID NOT AS YET, UNDERSTAND THESE, YOUR FELLOW CREATURES, VICTOR
"...I DID NOT UNDERSTAND THEIR WAY WITH HATRED...
"... THEIR UGLY BRUTAL VIOLENCE...
"THEIR PAIN.
THEY WERE DETERMINED THAT I SHOULD LEARN!
"BUT MARK ME, FRANKEN-STEIN
"AND SO I FLED IN TERROR AND AGONY COLD AND SHELTERLESS ONCE MORE.

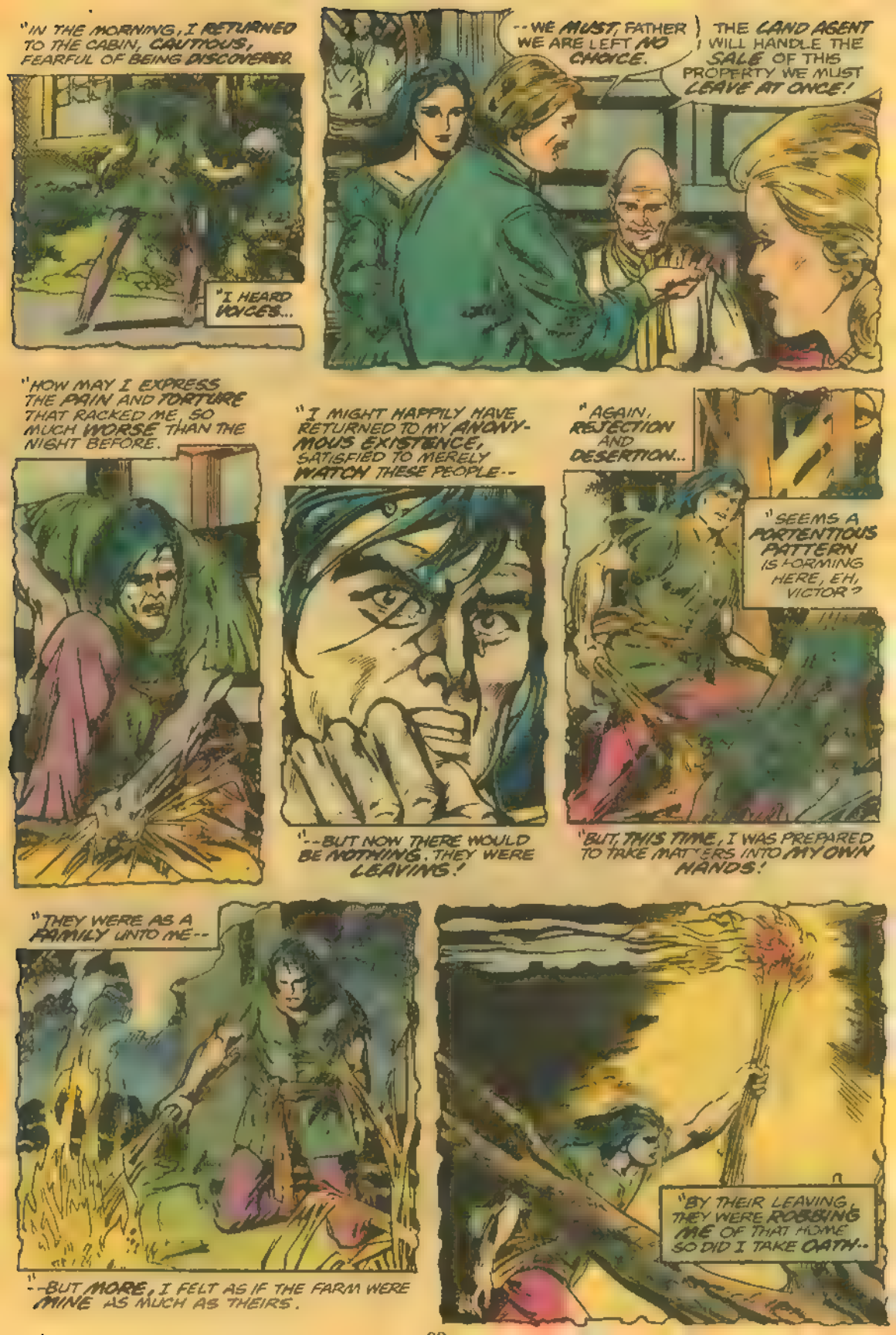

"NIGHT CAME ON AS I WANDERED CHILL AND DARKNESS CLOGED ABOUT MY GREVIOUSLY BRUISED BODY
"I WAS FILLED WITH DREAD AND LONGING...
"-- UNTIL, AT LAST, I HAPPENED ACROSS A SMALL SHED AT CLOSE QUARTERS TO A COTTAGE OF NEAT AND PLEASANT APPEARANCE.
"HOWEVER, AFTER MY DEARLY BOUGHT EXPERIENCE IN THE VILLAGE, I APPROACHED NOT THE COTTAGE--
"--BUT RATHER TOOK SHELTER IN THE SHED.
"IT WAS BARE, MAKING A WRETCHED APPEARANCE AFTER THE 'PALACES' I HAD BEHELD IN THE VILLAGE.
"BUT IT WAS COMFORT. IT WAS WARMTH AND A ROOF. I FELT...
"...SAFE!


"AS SOON AS MORNING DAWNED, I CREPT FROM MY KENNEL TO THE ADJACENT COTTAGE.
"UPON LOOKING, THE FIRST I SPIED WAS AN OLD MAN WHOSE AGED FEATURES AND SILVER HAIR INSPIRED REVERENCE DEEP WITHIN ME.
"HE BEGAN TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT WHOSE SOUNDS WERE SWEETER THAN THE VOICE OF A NIGHTINGALE.
"AND THERE WERE OTHERS. THEY WERE ALL SUCH CREATURES OF GRACE AND AMIABILITY...
"...A HARMONY SUCH AS I HAD NEVER KNOWN
"I SPENT MUCH TIME WATCHING THEM, LEARNING FROM THEM
"LEARNING WORDS AND NAMES -- SLOWLY LEARNING TO MAKE SENSE OF THESE SOUNDS THEY UTTERED
"BUT ALWAYS CAREFUL WAS I NOT TO REVEAL MY PRESENCE.
"THEN, ONE NIGHT, WHILE FORAGING FOR FOOD, I FOUND A BUNDLE SOME ONE HAD DROPPED
"AND, UPON RETURNING TO MY SHELTER, I DISCOVERED WHAT WAS, TO ME AT LEAST, TREASURE!
PLUTARCH'S LIVES
THE SORROWS OF WERTER

"THE PACKAGE CONTAINED BOOKS. WITH THESE HISTORIES, I DID EX-
THEY HAD A MOST PROFOUND EFFECT UPON ME, GIVING ME DEEP INSIGHT INTO HUMANITY.
". AND YET, AN EFFECT OF FAR GREATER MAGNITUDE WAS BROUGHT ON BY MY NEXT 'FIND.'
"UPON SEARCHING THROUGH CLOTHES I HAD CARRIED SINCE MY 'BIRTH', AS IT WERE...
"I DISCOVERED YOUR LABORATORY NOTES."
"AT LAST I UNDERSTOOD. I UNDERSTOOD THAT I HAD NO CLAIM TO HUMANITY.
"THAT I WAS ARTIFICIAL, A THING WITHOUT A SOUL--
"--A MONSTER!"
"AND YET, I FELT! I THOUGHT, I REASONED. AND I HAD EMOTIONS.
"AND SO DID I SET OUT TO PROVE YOU WRONG, VICTOR
"THE OTHERS HAD LEFT I WOULD TALK TO THE OLD MAN, HAVING PERCEIVED HIM TO BE BLIND.
"HE WOULD LISTEN. AND THEN THE OTHERS WOULD LISTEN!


"FOR THE LONGEST TIME I STOOD FROZEN, SO AFRAID WAS I OF REJECTION.
"BUT THEN...
TOK TOK
AHHH! COME IN -- WHOEVER YOU ARE.
I AM AN OLD MAN AND WE RARELY HAVE COMPANY IN THIS ISOLATED ENVIRON.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
"I WAS STILL AFRAID TO SPEAK.
COME NOW! PLEASE DON'T BE SHY WE DO NOT HAVE MUCH, BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO WHAT WE HAVE.
T-THANK YOU. I-I AM A...WANDERER. T-TRAVELLING. I HAPPENED BY.
I WAS CURIOUS.
"GIVEN TIME, MY PLAN MIGHT HAVE WORKED. YET, SOMEHOW I DOUBT IT, FOR I BEEM THE MOST CURSED OF ALL
"I WAS NOT GIVEN THE TIME!

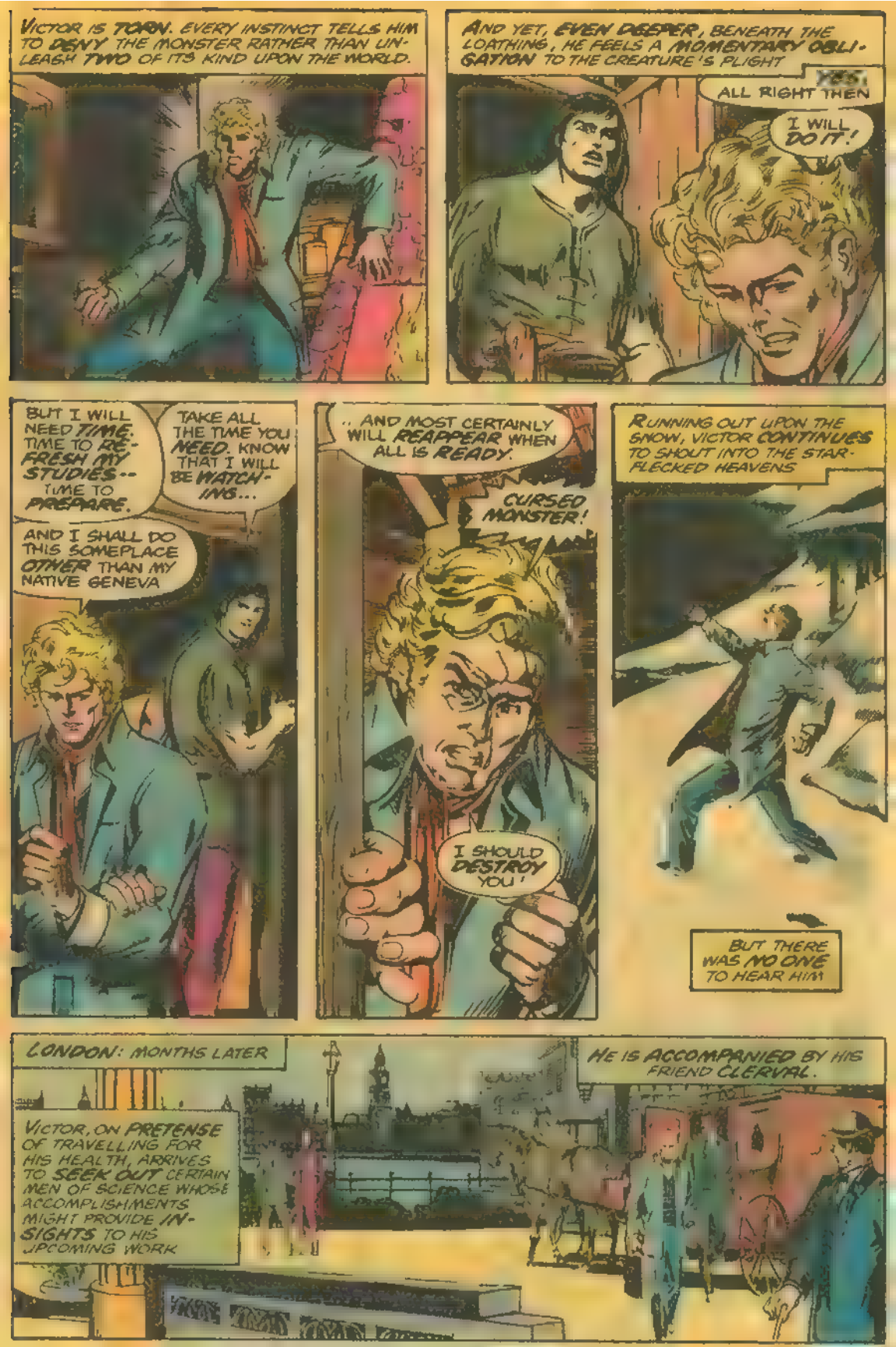

FATHER, I--
GOOD GOD! A MONSTER!
NO, WAIT! I--
GET AWAY FROM MY FATHER, BEAST!
YOW!
NO! STOP! WHAT IS GOING ON? PLEASE DO NOT HURT--
THEY WILL NOT LISTEN TO YOU, OLD MAN--
--AND I WILL BE BRUISED NO MORE!
BRAKKKK
STAY BACK ALL OF YOU OR, I PROMISE, I SHALL REND YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!
SKRASS!
"I RAN.
"AND THE ONLY THING GREATER THAN MY ANGER WAS MY MISERY...
"...AND, AS THE TWO RAGED WITHIN ME, I SCREAMED LONG AND LOUD INTO THE NIGHT.

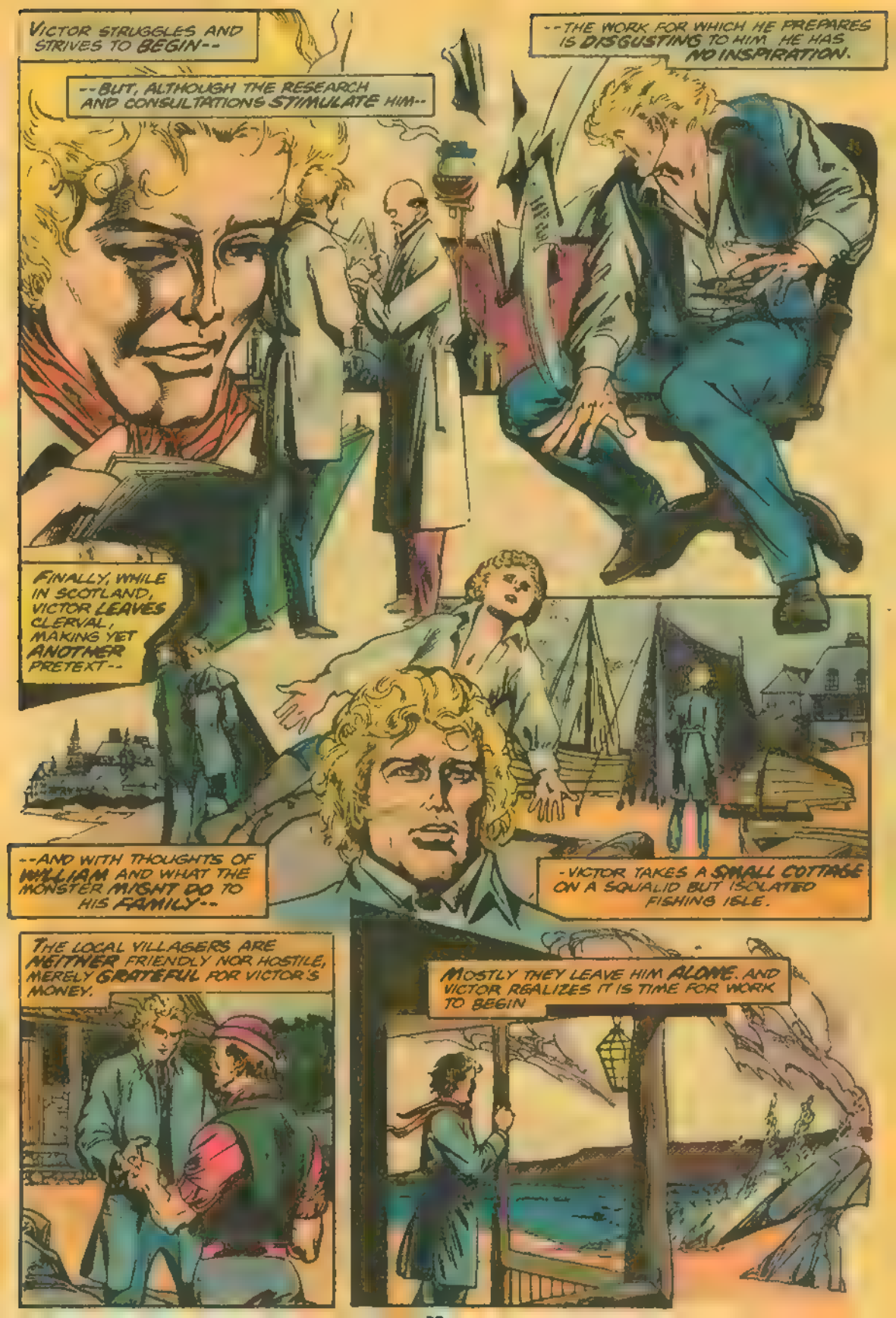

"IN THE MORNING, I RETURNED TO THE CABIN, CAUTIOUS, FEARFUL OF BEING DISCOVERED.
"I HEARD VOICES...
--WE MUST, FATHER WE ARE LEFT NO CHOICE.
THE LAND AGENT I WILL HANDLE THE SALE OF THIS PROPERTY WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!
"HOW MAY I EXPRESS THE PAIN AND TORTURE THAT RACKED ME, SO MUCH WORSE THAN THE NIGHT BEFORE.
"I MIGHT HAPPILY HAVE RETURNED TO MY ANONYMOUS EXISTENCE, SATISFIED TO MERELY WATCH THESE PEOPLE--
"AGAIN, REJECTION AND DESERTION...
"SEEMS A PORTENTIOUS PATTERN IS FORMING HERE, EH, VICTOR?
"--BUT NOW THERE WOULD BE NOTHING. THEY WERE LEAVING!
"BUT, THIS TIME, I WAS PREPARED TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS!
"THEY WERE AS A FAMILY UNTO ME--
"BY THEIR LEAVING, THEY WERE ROBBING ME OF THAT HOME SO DID I TAKE OATH..
"--BUT MORE, I FELT AS IF THE FARM WERE MINE AS MUCH AS THEIRS.

"IF THIS HOME BELONGED NOT TO ME--
"--IT WOULD BELONG TO NO ONE!
"THEY WERE GONE WHEN I LIT THE FIRE. I KNEW THEY WOULD BE AND I HAD. IN FACT, MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH BEFORE LIGHTING THE BLAZE.
"AND THOUGH I SHRIEKED LOUDLY OF VENGEANCE, I TOOK IT ONLY IN EFFIGY.
"--FOR I BLAMED MORE THE FATES THAT HAUNTED ME--
"--AND YOU, FRANKENSTEIN--
"--RATHER THAN THEY WHOM I HAD GROWN TO LOVE!"

"I THEN RESOLVED TO FLY FAR FROM THE SCENE OF MY MISFORTUNES --
"--AND YET WHERE WAS SUCH A PLACE [illegible] WOULD NOT BE UP?
"ONLY IN THE INNOCENT WILDS
"BUT I LONGED FOR HUMAN COMPANION-SHIP FOR, NO MATTER WHAT YOU BELIEVE, VICTOR, A PART OF ME IS HUMAN
"SO IT WAS THAT I FINALLY CAME TO GENEVA -- TO THE PLAINPALAIS.
"AND IT WAS THEN I SAW THE CHILD AND AN IDEA WAS BORN IN MY MIND
"IF I COULD BUT SEIZE THE BOY AND EDUCATE HIM TO BE MY COMPANION
"IT WAS A PLAN DOOMED TO FAILURE!
"THIS YOUTH HAD NOT LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO BE INDOCTRINATED TO THE PREJUDICES OF HUMANKIND.
"NO SOONER HAD I SPRUNG UPON THE LAD THAN HE BEGAN SCREAMING.
"I TRIED TO SILENCE HIM, TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND.
"BUT IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE, I STRANGLED HIM

"BUT BEFORE LEAVING THE YOUTH, I TOOK A CLASP FROM ABOUT HIS NECK.
"IN IT WAS THE PICTURE OF A WOMAN MOST BEAUTIFUL -- A BEAUTY I WILL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO SHARE
"AND AN INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK TOLD ME THE BOY -AND POSSIBLY THE WOMAN--WERE CONNECTED WITH YOU, HERR FRANKENSTEIN'
I HAVE LEARNED, AS YOU CAN VERIFY, WAYS TO BRING MUCH MISERY TO YOUR LIFE. AND I WILL, UNLESS YOU CREATE ANOTHER LIKE ME
A WOMAN!
WHAT?!
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. I WON'T!
YOU MUST! I'M ALONE AND MISERABLE BUT ONE AS HORRIBLE AND DEFORMED AS I WOULD NOT DENY ME.
SHE MUST BE OF THE SAME SPECIES WITH THE SAME DEFECTS. THIS BEING YOU MUST CREATE!
IF YOU CONSENT, NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OTHER HUMAN SHALL EVER SEE US AGAIN. WE SHALL FLEE TO THE VAST WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.
WE SHALL MAKE OUR BED OF DRY LEAVES AND THE SUN SHALL RIPEN OUR FOOD. WE WILL HAVE EACH OTHER, SHE AND I. MANKIND WILL HAVE PEACE.


VICTOR IS TORN. EVERY INSTINCT TELLS HIM TO DENY THE MONSTER RATHER THAN UNLEASH TWO OF ITS KIND UPON THE WORLD.
AND YET, EVEN DEEPER, BENEATH THE LOATHING, HE FEELS A MOMENTARY OBLIGATION TO THE CREATURE'S PLIGHT
YES! ALL RIGHT THEN
I WILL DO IT!
BUT I WILL NEED TIME. TIME TO REFRESH MY STUDIES -- TIME TO PREPARE.
TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED. KNOW THAT I WILL BE WATCHING...
AND I SHALL DO THIS SOMEPLACE OTHER THAN MY NATIVE GENEVA
.. AND MOST CERTAINLY WILL REAPPEAR WHEN ALL IS READY.
CURSED MONSTER!
I SHOULD DESTROY YOU!
RUNNING OUT UPON THE SNOW, VICTOR CONTINUES TO SHOUT INTO THE STAR-FLECKED HEAVENS
BUT THERE WAS NO ONE TO HEAR HIM
LONDON: MONTHS LATER
VICTOR, ON PRETENSE OF TRAVELLING FOR HIS HEALTH, ARRIVES TO SEEK OUT CERTAIN MEN OF SCIENCE WHOSE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MIGHT PROVIDE INSIGHTS TO HIS UPCOMING WORK
HE IS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FRIEND CLERVAL.


VICTOR STRUGGLES AND STRIVES TO BEGIN--
--BUT, ALTHOUGH THE RESEARCH AND CONSULTATIONS STIMULATE HIM--
--THE WORK FOR WHICH HE PREPARES IS DISGUSTING TO HIM. HE HAS NO INSPIRATION.
FINALLY, WHILE IN SCOTLAND, VICTOR LEAVES CLERVAL, MAKING YET ANOTHER PRETEXT--
--AND WITH THOUGHTS OF WILLIAM AND WHAT THE MONSTER MIGHT DO TO HIS FAMILY--
-VICTOR TAKES A SMALL COTTAGE ON A SQUALID BUT ISOLATED FISHING ISLE.
THE LOCAL VILLAGERS ARE NEITHER FRIENDLY NOR HOSTILE, MERELY GRATEFUL FOR VICTOR'S MONEY.
MOSTLY THEY LEAVE HIM ALONE. AND VICTOR REALIZES IT IS TIME FOR WORK TO BEGIN

VICTOR VAGUELY REMEMBERS THE FIRST TIME; SO MUCH THE SAME — AND YET, SO TRULY DIFFERENT.
BEFORE HE WAS DRIVEN -- SO MUCH SO THAT HE HAD NOT EVER NOTICED HOW DRUDGING AND HORRIBLE A WORK IT HAD BEEN.
BUT NOW HE FEELS THE SICKNESS OF IT AND FIGHTS TO KEEP FROM DOUBLING OVER IN CONVULSIONS.
HIS LIMBS ARE AS METAL WEIGHTS, HIS BODY FIGHTING, SCREAMING PROTEST AT EVERY STEP.
AND ALL THOSE FEELINGS ARE STIRRED WITH FEAR... THE FEAR OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGERS WERE TO LEARN WHAT WAS HAPPENING.
BUT THE WORK CONTINUES.
A FEW MORE ADJUSTMENTS AND ALL SHOULD BE..
..READY..
OH, GOD...!

MY DEAR GOD, I CAN'T STAND IT.
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, AWAY FROM THIS UNHOLY STENCH.
WHY? WHY DID I EVER AGREE TO THIS CURSED MOCKERY?
WHY DID I NOT HUNT THE MONSTER DOWN, DESTROY HIM FOREVER?
HOW CAN I BRING ANOTHER SUCH CREATURE INTO THE WORLD?
WHY DO YOU DELAY, FRANKENSTEIN?
WHA--? MOO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT IF THE VILLAGERS SAW YOU?
THEY DYD NOT. I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU PROGRESS
AND IN THAT GRIM MOMENT, PRESSURE HAMMERING AT HIS TEMPLES, VICTOR REALIZES HE CANNOT GO THROUGH WITH HIS BARGAIN
WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING?
YOU WANT TO SEE MY PROGRESS?
THEN COME, DAMN YOU, AND SEE

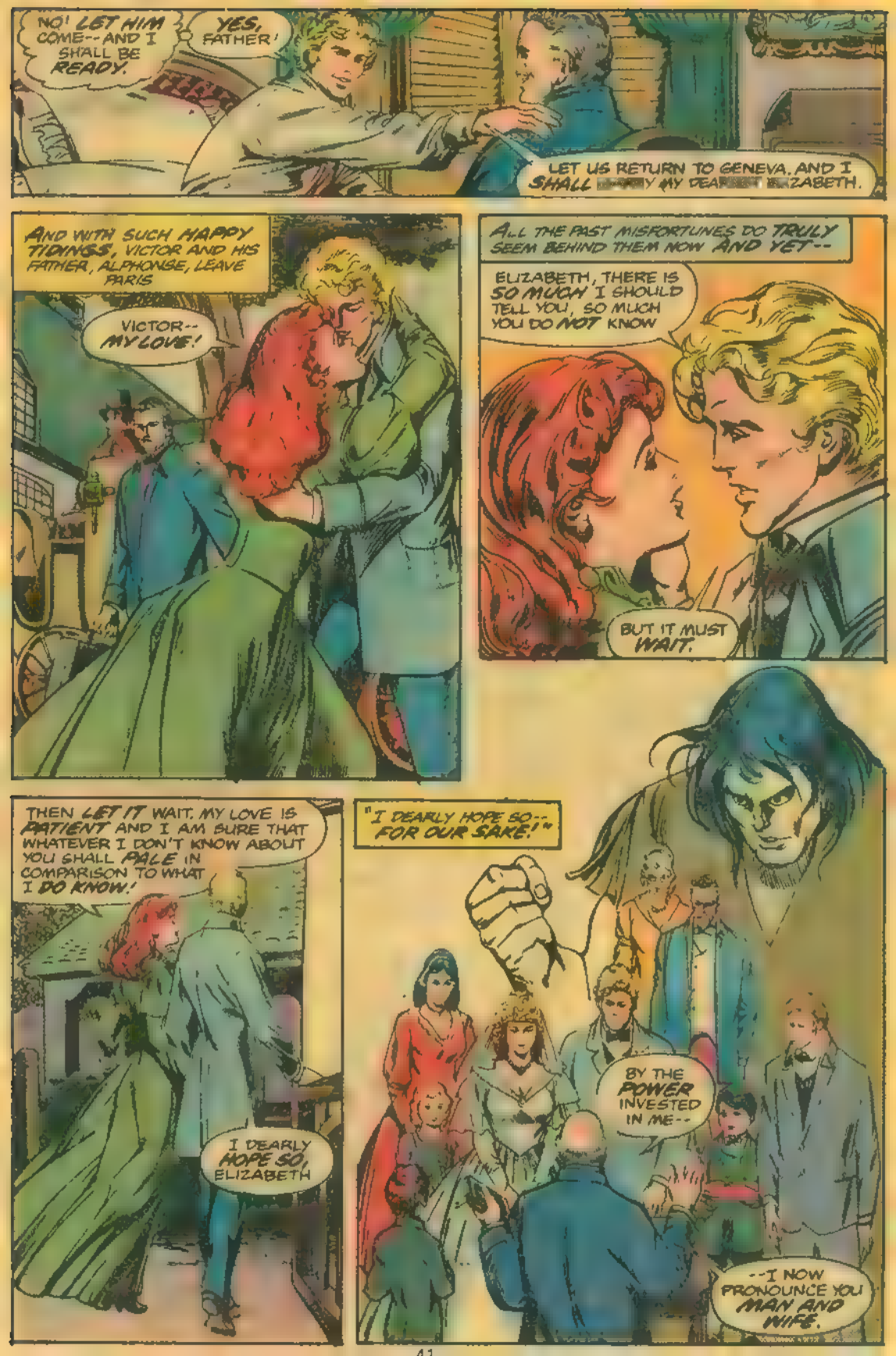
MY PROGRESS...!
STEEL KNIVES FLASHING LIKE COLD FIRE.
FIRE WITH WHICH TO CONSUME--
--AND DESTROY!
MY PROGRESS!!
NOOO!
NOOO!
STOP!
THE HOUR OF MY WEAKNESS IS PAST! I SHALL NOT CREATE YOU A COMPANION IN VICE AND DESTRUCTION!

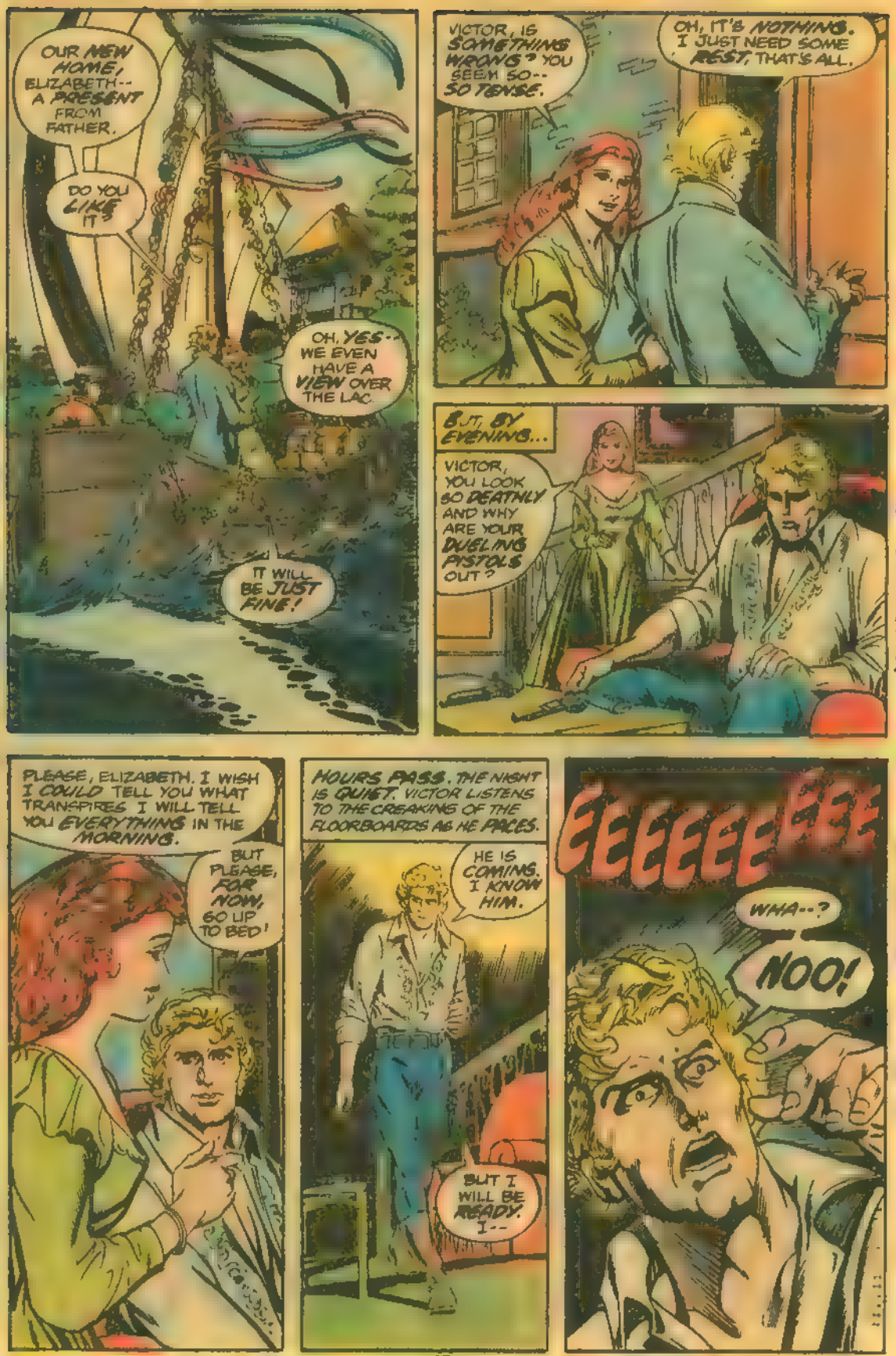
FOOL!
UHMMMN!
KRAZZOOO
YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE WORK YOU BEGAN! DO YOU DARE BREAK YOUR PROMISE?
I BEFORE REASONED WITH YOU--
--BUT YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF UNWORTHY OF MY CONDESCENSION!
YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF MISERABLE, BUT I CAN MAKE YOU SO WRETCHED THAT THE LIGHT OF DAY WILL BE HATEFUL TO YOU.
YOU ARE MY CREATOR-- BUT I AM YOUR MASTER!
YOU HAVE CHOSEN YOUR FATE--
--FOR NOW I GO. BUT I WILL BE WITH YOU ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT
THE NEXT DAWN, VICTOR LEAVES THE ISLAND.
HE HAS NO DESTINATION IN MIND--
--AND CHOOSES TO LET THE CURRENTS TAKE HIM WHERE THEY WILL.

WHEN HE FINALLY WAKES, IT IS TO THE RAGING WATERS OF A STORM-TOSSED INLET
BUT IN THE FOG-SHROUDED DISTANCE, HE SPOTS LAND--
--AND DRAWS THE SMALL BOAT TOWARDS IT.
HOW LONG WAS I ASLEEP? AND WHAT PLACE IS THIS?
WHA--?
FOOTSTEPS? HAS THAT CURSED MONSTER FOUND ME EVEN HERE?
NO. THEY ARE PEASANTS. BUT THEY LOOK SO-- GRIM.
SEIZE HIM!
WAIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
YOU WILL-- SOON
COME!

PRESENTLY, VICTOR IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE VILLAGE MAGISTRATE AT THE LOCAL INN.
MURDER?
YOU'RE MAD! I ONLY FIRST SET FOOT ON THIS SHORE MOMENTS AGO.
I BEG YOU, WHAT POSSIBLE EVIDENCE WOULD MAKE YOU SO INHOSPITABLY ACCUSE A STRANGER?
IF YOU ARE INNOCENT, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. BUT A BOAT SUCH AS YOURS WAS SEEN LAST NIGHT FURTHER UP THE COAST WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE.
VICTOR IS LED INTO THE BACK ROOMS TO VIEW THE BODY..
--SO THAT THE COURT MIGHT OBSERVE WHAT EFFECT SUCH A CONFRONTATION MIGHT HAVE ON THE ACCUSED.
CLERVAL!
NO! MY GOD! NOOOO!
THE COURT, QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENT, JUDGES VICTOR GUILTY.
NOOO!
NOOOOOOOO!

THE FIRST FEW MONTHS OF HIS IMPRISONMENT VICTOR SPENT IN A COMA. BUT EVENTUALLY, HE RECOVERED.
WELL, YOU SEEM TO BE WITH US AGAIN.
THEN I SHALL SUMMON A VISITOR WHO HAS BEEN WAITING YOUR REVIVAL FOR SOME WEEKS NOW
FATHER!
VICTOR, MY SON! HOW IT SADDENS ME TO SEE YOU SO SICKLY.
BUT COME, FOR I HAVE CONVINCED THE COURT OF ITS GRAVE ERROR.
THEN WE ARE GOING HOME?
TO PARIS FIRST, WHERE YOU CAN REST AND REGAIN YOUR HEALTH.
BUT, YES, WE ARE GOING HOME TO BE A FAMILY AGAIN
AND ALL OUR MISFORTUNES SHALL BE BEHIND US.
AND WITH SUCH CAREFUL TENDING, VICTOR DOES REGAIN HIS HEALTH.
YOU ARE LOOKING WELL, VICTOR. I THINK WE SHOULD RETURN [redacted] SOON.
AND I THINK TOO THAT THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO SETTLE DOWN AND FORGET THE PAST
I WISH YOU TO MARRY ELIZABETH.
MARRY ELIZABETH? YES, HOW I LONG TO
AND YET, HOW WELL I REMEMBER THE MONSTER'S PARTING THREAT AND I KNOW HE WOULD KNOW.
STILL, I CAN'T AFFORD TO LIVE FOREVER WITH SUCH FEAR.


NO! LET HIM COME--AND I SHALL BE READY.
YES, FATHER!
LET US RETURN TO GENEVA. AND I SHALL [illegible] MY DEAREST ELIZABETH.
AND WITH SUCH HAPPY TIDINGS, VICTOR AND HIS FATHER, ALPHONSE, LEAVE PARIS
VICTOR--MY LOVE!
ALL THE PAST MISFORTUNES DO TRULY SEEM BEHIND THEM NOW AND YET--
ELIZABETH, THERE IS SO MUCH I SHOULD TELL YOU, SO MUCH YOU DO NOT KNOW
BUT IT MUST WAIT.
THEN LET IT WAIT. MY LOVE IS PATIENT AND I AM SURE THAT WHATEVER I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU SHALL PALE IN COMPARISON TO WHAT I DO KNOW!
I DEARLY HOPE SO, ELIZABETH
"I DEARLY HOPE SO--FOR OUR SAKE!"
BY THE POWER INVESTED IN ME--
--I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE.


OUR NEW HOME, ELIZABETH-- A PRESENT FROM FATHER.
DO YOU LIKE IT?
OH, YES.. WE EVEN HAVE A VIEW OVER THE LAC.
IT WILL BE JUST FINE!
VICTOR, IS SOMETHING WRONG? YOU SEEM SO-- SO TENSE.
OH, IT'S NOTHING. I JUST NEED SOME REST, THAT'S ALL.
BUT, BY EVENING...
VICTOR, YOU LOOK SO DEATHLY AND WHY ARE YOUR DUELING PISTOLS OUT?
PLEASE, ELIZABETH. I WISH I COULD TELL YOU WHAT TRANSPIRES I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING IN THE MORNING.
BUT PLEASE, FOR NOW, GO UP TO BED!
HOURS PASS. THE NIGHT IS QUIET. VICTOR LISTENS TO THE CREAKING OF THE FLOORBOARDS AS HE PACES.
HE IS COMING. I KNOW HIM.
BUT I WILL BE READY. I--
EEEEEEEEE
WHA--?
NOO!

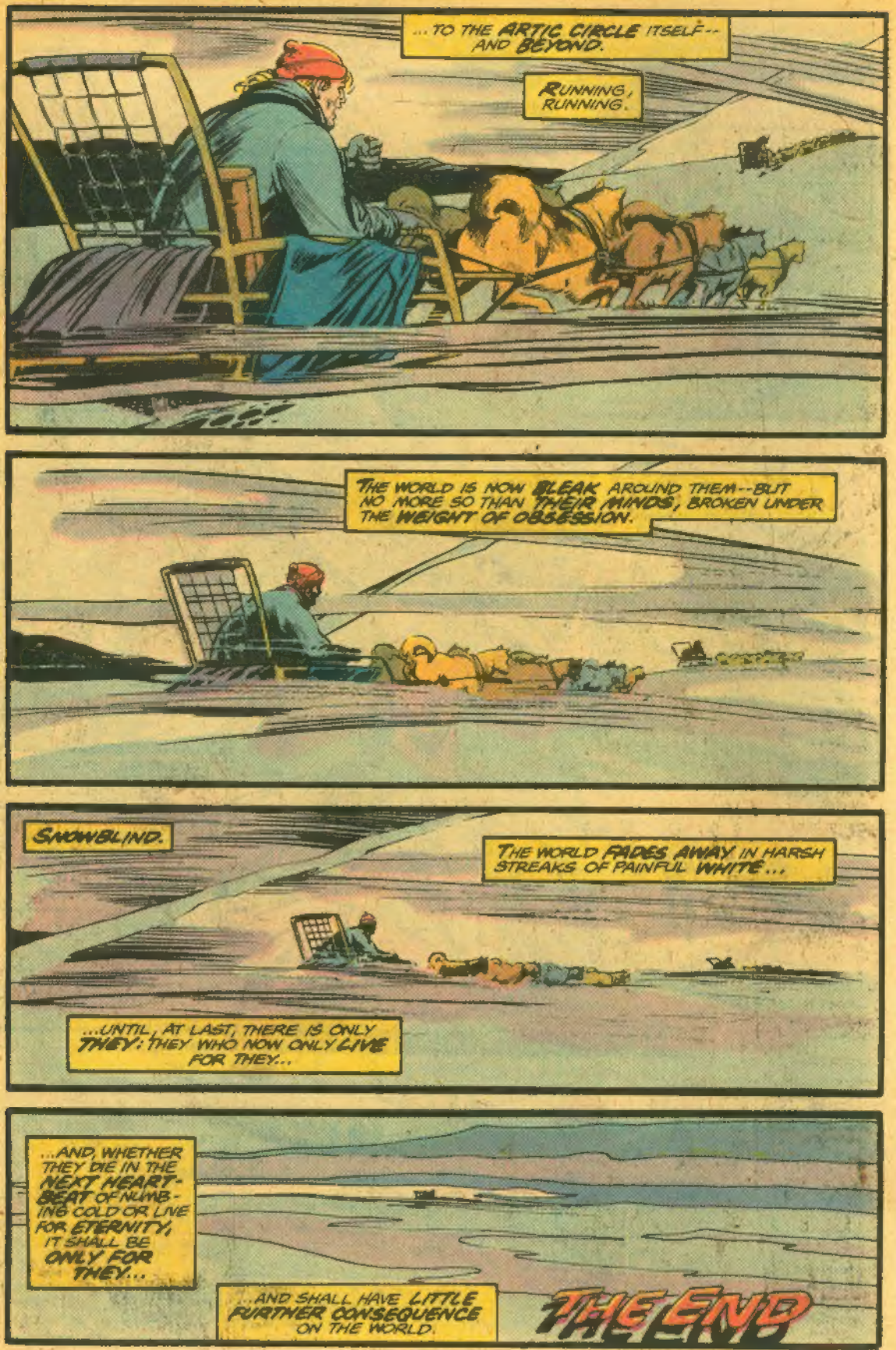
THAT WAS ELIZABETH. THEN I WAS WRONG--
--HE WASN'T COMING FOR ME.
NOT ME-- MER!
BLAG!
ELIZABETH!!
NOOOOOOO!
VICTOR FALLS TO HIS KNEES, STARING IN SHOCK. THE ROOM BECOMES SILENT ENOUGH TO HEAR THE SICKLY SPLATTER OF LIFE OOZING USELESSLY ONTO THE BARE FLOOR.
FOR THE LONGEST TIME, THE MONSTER SAYS NOTHING THEN HE TURNS BACK, OUT OF THE SHADOWS

SHE IS GONE, VICTOR! FOREVER!
I MADE YOU A PROMISE.
I HAVE KEPT THAT PROMISE.
DEMON!
BANG
BANG
COME BACK, SCUM! LET ME DESTROY YOUR FILTHY, EVIL FLESH
MONSTER!
VICTOR'S RAVINGS ARE TO NO AVAIL BUT THEY DO SUCCEED IN ROUSING NEARBY VILLAGERS...
..WHOSE SEARCH IS A FRUITLESS AS VICTOR'S SCREAMS.

AAHHHHHHHH!
THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, VICTOR, SWEPT UP IN FITFULL DELIRIUM, WAS CONFINED IN A SOLITARY CELL, SCREAMING AND CURSING
DURING THOSE SAME MONTHS, VICTOR'S FATHER DIED OF GRIEF.
A FEW CONCERNED TOWNSPEOPLE, KNOWING OF THE FAMILY PREDICAMENT AND VICTOR'S PRESENT INCARCERATION, TOOK TIME TO SEE RITES FOR ALPHONSE PROPERLY CARRIED OUT.
SOMETIME LATER, VICTOR EMERGES FROM HIS DELIRIUM INTO A DEPRESSED MELANCHOLY.
HE STARES AT LENGTH FROM HIS SINGLE WINDOW. JUST STARES, NOTHING MORE. HE SPEAKS NOT A WORD
HIS DEPRESSION NEVER REALLY LETS UP, BUT HE IS DEEMED NO LONGER DANGEROUS AND IS GIVEN HIS FREEDOM
HE RETURNS TO THE NOW-EMPTY FAMILY ESTATE.
HE IS WITHERED AND HIS EYES ARE COLD.
THE HOUSE PROVIDES NO COMFORT.
GONE, ALL OF THEM GONE.
AND I, WRETCHED PURVEYOR OF THEIR SORROWS AND THEIR DEATHS, DO LIVE!
AND ME--HE LIVES.
THEN HEAR ME! HEAR MY OATH..

- THAT WHATEVER PITIFUL YEARS I HAVE LEFT, O MY FAMILY, SHALL BE APPLIED TO BUT GIVE ME
THE DEATH OF THE MONSTER!
I SHALL LIVE, NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS, AND I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL THIS DEED BE ACCOMPLISHED.
IT IS DONE -- WE HAVE BUT EACH OTHER REMAINING. AND NOTHING LEFT TO IT BUT FOR ONE TO SLAY THE OTHER.
I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MAKING YOU AS WRETCHED AND MISERABLE AS I.
AND WE SHALL BOTH DROWN IN IT!
YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO LIVE.
I AM SATISFIED.
YOU... HERE!!
BLAM! BLAM!
I SHALL KILL YOU, DEMON!

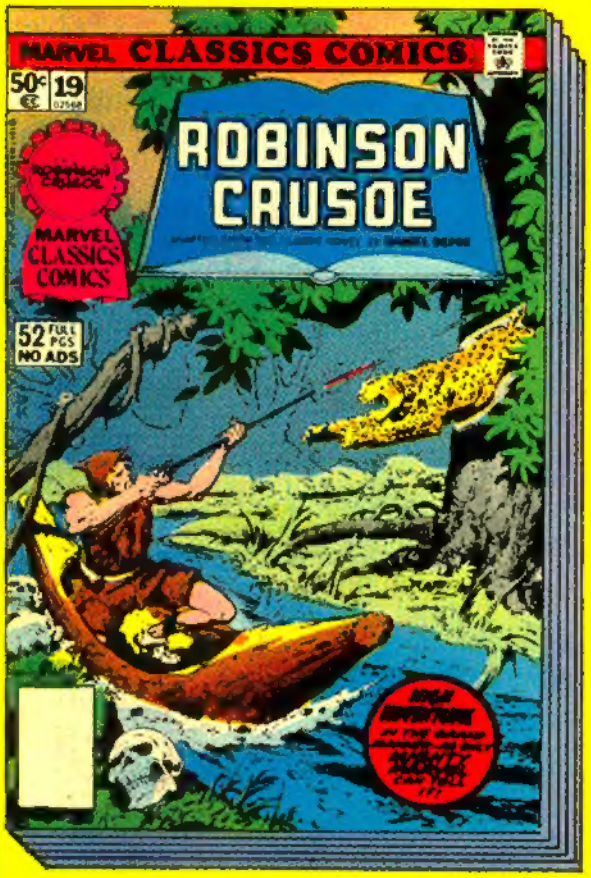
VICTOR PERSUES THE MONSTER RELENTLESSLY.
AND THE MONSTER LEADS HIM ON WITH EQUAL RELENTLESSNESS AND RESOURCEFULNESS--
--CAREFUL TO KEEP JUST OUT OF VICTOR'S RANGE--
--YET NEVER FAR ENOUGH TO LOSE HIM.
IT IS A GRIM AND MORBID GAME THEY PLAY, UP THE BACK COUNTRY OF EUROPE, THROUGH RUSSIA AND SIBERIA...


...TO THE ARTIC CIRCLE ITSELF--AND BEYOND.
RUNNING, RUNNING.
THE WORLD IS NOW BLEAK AROUND THEM--BUT NO MORE SO THAN THEIR MINDS, BROKEN UNDER THE WEIGHT OF OBSESSION.
SNOWBLIND.
THE WORLD FADES AWAY IN HARSH STREAKS OF PAINFUL WHITE...
...UNTIL, AT LAST, THERE IS ONLY THEY: THEY WHO NOW ONLY LIVE FOR THEY...
...AND, WHETHER THEY DIE IN THE NEXT HEART-BEAT OF NUMBING COLD OR LIVE FOR ETERNITY, IT SHALL BE ONLY FOR THEY...
...AND SHALL HAVE LITTLE FURTHER CONSEQUENCE ON THE WORLD.
THE END

MARY SHELLY

ON SALE NOW!

MORE FINE ILLUSTRATED ADAPTATIONS IN THE MARVEL CLASSICS SERIES!



MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢ 20
FRANKENSTEIN
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY MARY SHELLY
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS NO ADS
MAN VS. MONSTER
THE ULTIMATE CLASSIC OF NIGHTMARE AND RETRIBUTION, TOLD IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!

AND COMING IN MAY

WILKIE COLLINS' MOONSTONE & H.G. WELLS' FOOD OF THE GODS